THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1899.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE WEEK:—	
Public Affairs: At Home	32
,, Abroad	33
Literature	34
Obituary	35
THE MADAGASCAR PAPERS	36
THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND ITS FOES	37
THE STRENUOUS AGE OF PARLIAMENT	38
MR. LECKY ON MR. GLADSTONE	39
FINANCE	40
THIS MORNING'S PAPER. By "A Mere Outsider"	41
OXFORD MEMORIES.—V. By "Nestor"	42
"STREETS, STREETS, STREETS!"	44
LORD SELBORNE	45
THE TURNING-POINTS OF TIME	47
THE DRAMA. By A. B. W.	48
THE WORLD-STATE AND THE WORLD-WAR. By Our Constantinople Correspondent	48
MENTAL CARICATURES. By Evelyn Sharp	49
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—	
Prison Reform in the West Indies	50
The Next Budget	51
"The Revenue"	51
The Proposed Imperial Zollverein	51
VERSES:—	
In Adversity. By Ford Madox Hueffer	51
Ver . . . Semper Viret. By W. B. Thomas	51
A LITERARY CAUSERIE:—	
The Rewards of Literature. By E. H.	52
REVIEWS:—	
The Eternal City	53
Side-lights on the Jacobites	54
The Far Eastern Question	55
Recent Poetry and Verse	56
A Triumph of Exegesis	57
Mr. Bernard Shaw on Wagner's Masterpiece	58
The Great Dictionary	58
Fiction	59
More January Reviews and Magazines	60
First Impressions	61
NOTICES, ETC.	62

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

ALTHOUGH no political meetings of the first importance have been held during the week, several interesting speeches have been made, and light has been incidentally thrown on one or two of the chief questions of the hour. With regard to the leadership of the Liberal party, there is a manifest determination among Liberals not to be provoked into any discussion of personal questions until the moment arrives when Sir William Harcourt's successor is actually chosen. But Mr. W. S. Robson, Q.C., in an interesting speech at Jarrow, has vigorously attacked the absurd idea that there is some great cleavage in the Liberal party on questions of Imperial policy, and that Sir William Harcourt represents a policy directly opposed to that which is associated with the name of Lord Rosebery. As Mr. Robson showed, whether in speech or in silence, Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt had pursued an identical policy. We do not think that we are likely to hear much more of the attempt to represent the Liberal party as having been converted to an insane Jingoism, though we must, of course, wait for Mr. Morley's speech to his constituents next week before concluding that this hypothesis has been definitely abandoned.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE has at least the faculty of looking at political questions from a semi-independent standpoint, and, as a result, his speeches, whether we agree with them or not, have always a certain measure of interest. His foolish letter on the question of the national memorial to Mr. Gladstone has, doubtless, already been repented of, and, as it has certainly done no harm to the memorial, it may be forgotten. On Monday, addressing his constituents at Plymouth, Sir Edward went at great length into the question of the present troubles of the Church of England. He fears that dangerous times lie ahead of the Church, and he has little confidence in the bishops, who have for some time held in their hands the power of dealing with offenders against the law and practices of the Church, but who, instead of using those powers, have shown something more than toleration for the offenders. Curiously enough, this strong expression of opinion from Sir Edward Clarke seems to have elicited only one rejoinder. This is in the shape of a letter to the editor of *The Standard*, calling attention to the fact that Sir Edward has recently erected at his own expense a church where, "from the day of its opening, vestments have been worn and lights burned, and the service conducted on Catholic lines."

THE great meeting of Protestant Churchmen which was held on Wednesday at the Church House included the leading representatives—lay and clerical—of the Evangelical party in the Church and two prominent Liberal Members of Parliament—Mr. Mellor and Mr. Channing. Lord Midleton, who presided, very properly condemned the supineness of the bishops in the past, and declared that the Archbishop of York's Pastoral, though very well as far as it went, was inadequate and unjust to the Low Church section, whose sins of omission were put on a par with the sins of commission of the Romanisers. He was more open to criticism when he declared that Disestablishment, to which some of the High Church clergy look for relief, would leave them less liberty than before. It all depends, a cynic may say, on the way in which the tastes of the laity are developed by their spiritual pastors and masters. The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States is free of State control, and yet some of its clergy and congregations are quite as advanced in ritual and doctrine as any British Anglican. Dr. Moule made an earnest appeal to the moderate High Churchmen against the extremists, whom he described as neo-Anglicans—extremists, indeed, who may fairly be described as introducing observances from that newer Romanism of the Renaissance which old-fashioned High Churchmen regard as a departure, almost schismatical in its character, from the mediæval Western Church. And Mr. J. W. Mellor, M.P., in a vigorous speech, moved a resolution demanding further legislation if the bishops failed to cope with the evil.

SIR JOHN GORST'S speech at Bradford on Wednesday evening contained another exposition of some of those defects in our educational system which it is his business to point out to an indifferent Ministry and their still more indifferent supporters. The chaos of education, as he remarked, was part of the general chaos of local government; for the governing classes had always distrusted local authorities and, for the most part, had hemmed them in by rules and codes. He pointed out (for convenience we give the round numbers) that out of somewhat less than five and a half millions of children who ought to be in public elementary schools, the number on any given day who are either not in attendance or not on the books at

all is rather more than a million and a half. Allowing half a million for excusable absences and for legal exemptions, which are mostly inexcusable, and which he put at 400,000, there is left a "derelict million" whom our educational system misses, and leaves to supply the criminal class. Strong and effective local authorities alone could mend matters here. With regard to the other end of the system of elementary education—the best pupils of the primary schools—higher education was offered them by a variety of competing agencies, wastefully competing and overlapping one another's spheres of action. Sir John Gorst then discussed the nature of the future local authorities for educational purposes—indicating that there might be a good deal of variety, but favouring the admission of town councils among them; and declared it to be extremely undesirable that these authorities should manage the schools themselves. This part of the speech was, we presume, a defence of the collapsed Education Bill of 1896. We trust, however, that the Higher Board schools will not be abolished till there is something ready to take their place. As to the chaos of local authorities, that is ultimately the fault of our land system, and possibly, in part, of the way the reformation was carried out.

THIS question of the constitution of local educational authorities has been brought into prominence at the annual conference of the Teachers' Guild this week. A very decided preponderance of opinion has been shown in favour of the constitution of such authorities for secondary education as soon as may be; meanwhile the Guild has expressed its approval of the proposed institution of a central authority with a permanent advisory committee as established by the Duke of Devonshire's Bill. A hope was also expressed that the examination of schools by the Board would be compulsory, but that the University certificate examinations would be accepted as a substitute. The Guild passed resolutions demanding that a register of efficient schools should be formed, and that registration of teachers should eventually become compulsory. It is a significant fact that one of the speakers at the Guild Conference should have declared that the great majority of the secondary schools of the country could not bear the test of thorough inspection. Such is secondary education to-day. However, the papers at the meeting of the College of Preceptors show how much is being done for its improvement, and how much initiative and energy and stimulating power there is in the best teaching at the present time.

TWO other speeches dealing with education—chiefly, however, with other provinces of it—were delivered on Thursday by prominent statesmen. Speaking at the annual meeting of the Association for Promoting Technical Education, Lord Spencer insisted on the urgent need of improving secondary education as the preliminary condition of that technical training of which our commercial rivals had shown us the importance, and advocated the extension and improvement of continuation schools. He also pointed out the necessity of the establishment of local authorities, which had been emphasised both by Sir John Gorst and at the Teachers' Guild. The claims of commercial education, which some benighted persons still hesitate to recognise, were put forward by Mr. Chamberlain at the annual meeting of the Governors of Mason College, Birmingham. He advocated, of course, the conversion of the College into a University—as to which it may be said that American experience as to the multiplication of small Universities is abundant and adverse—and declared that such a University should have a Faculty of Commerce. It is a pity that a town with so great an intellectual reputation as Birmingham should seem to lay itself open to the suspicion of sharing the vulgar error that the chief end of University education is the degrees. Commercial education is an eminently desirable thing, but it had better be organised before arrangements are made for the decoration of its products with the hood of Bachelor of Commerce.

THE Home Secretary has further commuted the sentence of death passed upon Lieutenant Wark at the last Liverpool Assizes by reducing it to one of three years' penal servitude. There is no need to recall the facts of the case, as they are probably fresh in the recollection of our readers. But whilst we think there must be a general agreement that the latest decision of the Home Secretary is substantially just, it is impossible not to feel that the case, as a whole, does not reflect credit upon our criminal laws. The conviction of Lieutenant Wark as a murderer, and the passing upon him of sentence of death, outraged the conscience of the community, and the scandal was witnessed at Liverpool of a prisoner who had just been sentenced to an ignominious death being cheered by the crowd as he passed on his way to prison. The Home Secretary, on being appealed to, reduced the sentence to one of penal servitude for a considerable number of years. This did not satisfy a large section of the public, and an agitation in favour of the prisoner's immediate release met with a large amount of support. The Home Secretary has yielded so far to that agitation as to reduce still further the term of imprisonment. Surely it is obvious that if we had a properly-constituted Court of Criminal Appeal we should be free from humiliating scandals of this kind.

THE chief features of the meeting of the Miners' Federation at Edinburgh this week have been the affiliation of the Welsh miners and the discussion on the operation of the Workmen's Compensation Bill. The action of the Welsh miners will have one excellent effect at any rate—it will facilitate, and probably abridge, negotiation the next time there is a labour dispute in South Wales. The discussion on the Workmen's Compensation Act showed that it was very generally, though not by any means universally, condemned. It was declared to encourage litigation and to cause delay, to stimulate employers to discharge the older men, as most likely to meet with accidents (which is a doubtful position, inasmuch as they have caution and experience), while, in some cases, it was stated not to tend to prevent accidents, because the employers had shifted their liability by insurance. A resolution was carried advocating, among other changes, the extension of the Act to all trades and the abolition of contracting-out. Mr. Burt, M.P., in his address to the Northumberland Miners' Association, also strongly condemned the Act.

ABROAD.

THE publication of the Madagascar Blue Book, to which we refer in another column, is treated even by leading organs of public opinion in France as a device on the part of Lord Salisbury to embitter the relations of the two countries and afford stimulant for the passions of our own Jingoes. This view is also shared at Vienna and at Berlin. It is difficult, we admit, for an Englishman—the more so if he happens to be no Jingo, but a peaceful Cobdenite—to read the papers without indignation; but if there is any special motive determining their publication at the present time it is, most probably, that the Foreign Office wishes to defend itself against the criticisms that have been passed on its supineness. Lord Salisbury, it appears, really did protest, though he got very little satisfaction. The treatment of the publication in France, however, is the more unfortunate inasmuch as there are signs of a disposition to come to terms on the French Shore Question. Admiral Réveillère, in a letter to the *Matin*, has pointed out that the

French shore of Newfoundland is of little practical value, and that the French fisheries, nursery of the hardiest of seamen, would go on very much as before if the French rights ceased to exist; and in other quarters it has been suggested that an exchange might be made of them for territory either in East or in West Africa, or for cash. We pass by the *Matin's* suggestion of the Channel Islands as compensation, which has created great indignation in those interesting fiefs of the British Crown, though it was apparently a joke.

THE definite appointment of Mr. Joseph H. Choate to the post of American Ambassador to this country is thoroughly satisfactory to British opinion, and is in accordance with the best traditions of the post. Mr. Choate is the relative of one of the most distinguished of American orators; he enjoys the reputation of being the first advocate in America; and while anything but a politician in the narrow sense, he has done good work in that sphere of politics which is reserved, apparently, for the unpolitical American—the struggle for municipal reform—during the campaign against the infamous Tweed Ring in 1871. He is a worthy successor to Colonel Hay, and his appointment maintains the traditions of the post, which has very seldom been filled, during the last forty years at least, by anyone who is not in the first rank in America. Indeed, President McKinley seems doing well with his diplomatic appointments. The transfer of Mr. Tower from Vienna to St. Petersburg is an excellent step in view of the coming conference, and a recognition of the traditional importance attached to the friendship of a country with which America has a traditional friendship of a sentimental type, and points of contact—and possibly of friction—in the near future.

THE tension between the Filipinos and the United States authorities in the Philippines has almost reached breaking strain; and it has seemed this week as if Aguinaldo's charges of breach of faith against the United States Government were certain to be followed by a conflict at Iloilo. But the conflict has not taken place—possibly because the United States Government is anxious to do nothing that might delay the ratification of the treaty of peace. This has been reported "favourably and without amendment" from the Foreign Relations Committee, and the debate on its ratification is expected next week. This debate has been anticipated by various speeches and notices of resolutions on the part of opponents of expansion in the Senate—all of them, except Senator Hoar, Democrats, or Populists, from the newer West or the South. The most significant feature of the debates has been the declaration by Senator Foraker of Ohio, who represents the President's views, that the Government intends that at some future date, when they have shown their fitness for it, the islands are to have self-government. To all appearance this narrows down the question between the Administration and its Democratic and anti-Imperialist critics to a mere question of degree and time. Only we suspect it will be found that the time for fulfilling the promise of self-government is indefinitely remote.

THE domestic troubles of France have multiplied this week, though the course taken by the Chamber towards the latest developments is a hopeful sign. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, President of one of the Chambers of the Court of Cassation, has resigned his office in order to attack the conduct of the investigation into the Dreyfus affair, and has published his attack at great length in the *Echo de Paris*, choosing that paper because it is the favourite organ of the militarist fanatics. The attack has appeared as a serial, so as to intensify public interest; and trumpery as his charges are, it has seemed possible that, in the present excitement, they would discredit the judgment of the Court in advance, and destroy that belief in the judiciary in which sensible men hoped France would find her safeguard. Four of the charges are avowedly based on mere gossip; of the rest, the substance is that M. Loew, the President of the Criminal Chamber, showed partiality to M. Picquart and the Dreyfus party in various ways, chiefly by appointing M. Bard to preside over the inquiry; and that M. Bard showed hostility to the military witnesses and friendliness to Picquart, meeting him, with M. Loew, in a private room, conversing with him familiarly, sending him a courteous message, and even ordering a servant to administer refreshment to him in the form of "a grog." As we point out elsewhere, there are good reasons for suspecting M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire's testimony, independently of its intrinsic absurdity; but French "patriots," as we have often before remarked, have no sense of the absurd. Happily, the Chamber on Thursday, after one of the usual scenes, provoked by an interpellation from the egregious M. Millevoye and kept up by the Anti-Semites and M. Paul de Cassagnac, contemptuously rejected the charges and "passed to the order of the day" by 423 to 124; but an inquiry into the charges is ordered, and this will keep up the excitement of the "patriots." And the two rival leagues, both of them aiming at calming the public mind, are carrying out their purpose by rival demonstrations and publications of lists of adhesions.

THE debate on the German Army Bill in the Reichstag has so far brought out two points. The Government has declared, through the War Minister, that the Czar's manifesto has removed all danger of an attack from Russia; and that the reduction of the period of service to two years has proved unsatisfactory in various ways. This reduction was introduced as a concession and experiment along with the military scheme of 1893, but has received no statutory sanction; and, though it is intended to maintain it for five years more, it seems unlikely to be made permanent. The Bill is represented by the War Minister as a concession to the requirements of tacticians—Herr Richter says they are tactical faddists; but it is noticeable that Baron von Stumm, the great ironmaster and reactionary, who speaks the real mind of the classes from which Ministers are drawn, says that he and his friends do not believe in the manifesto. In any case, the fact that mere reasons of organisation should call for an addition of some 26,000 men to the peace strength of the army is a sufficient exhibition of the burdens entailed by a military monarchy.

IT is not easy for an Englishman, accustomed to parties with definite principles and programmes, to follow the evolutions of the Spanish Liberal party to-day. We mentioned recently that General Weyler, after resisting the overtures of the Carlists and the Republicans, had alarmed the minor members of the Liberal Ministry by accepting the invitation of the Premier to enter its ranks. Now it appears that the special friends of the late Señor Canovas, including the Duke of Tetuan, whose temper caused an exciting Parliamentary episode when he was Foreign Minister, have also resolved to give Señor Sagasta their support. General Weyler's accession carries with it the support of Señor Romero Robledo, the leader of the smaller of the two sections into which Señor Silvela's secession divided the Conservative party; so that there is a Liberal and Conservative coalition against the Liberal Conservatives, and Spanish party names cease to be intelligible. Señor Silvela, who is backed by General Polavieja, Marshal Martinez

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

Campos, and (it is said) the Ultramontanes, has put forward a programme of reform in view of the expected Ministerial crisis. It includes the increase of armaments and coast defences—why, we do not know, unless Señor Silvela believes in the mysterious machinations of British agents which are given such prominence by the less reputable of the French newspapers—and apparently (though this is not quite clear) the amalgamation of the Ministries of War and Marine, together with a considerable increase both of direct and of indirect taxation. This would seem to insure its failure, but the course of Spanish politics does not depend on the electorate, and is ceasing to depend even on the politicians. General Weyler's accession to the Liberal ranks indicates that it is once more coming to depend on the generals, as in the days between the expulsion of Isabella and the restoration of her son.

By 44 votes to 14—the minority including the representatives of Bavaria, both Mecklenburgs, and Hesse—the Federal Council of the German Empire has given a decision in the case of the Lippe-Detmold succession which, while it postpones an immediate settlement, suggests some very unpleasant possibilities of friction in the future between the Imperial Government and the constituent States of the Empire. The Council declares that there is no occasion for dealing with the question at present, since there is no conflict between the existing arrangements and the claims put forward by the Government of Schaumburg-Lippe to have a voice in determining the succession to the throne of Lippe-Detmold. But it expressly states that this decision is taken without prejudice to the right of the Federal Council to intervene at a future time. Thus the Council, in which Prussia could probably secure a majority on most occasions, asserts its right of interference in disputes affecting the succession to the sovereignty in the constituent States of the Empire. Of course, in a petty principality like Lippe-Detmold this may not matter; indeed, looking at the careers of some German princelets in the past, we can imagine that Prussian interference might occasionally be of the utmost benefit to the inhabitants. As it is, the chief complaint of the inhabitants seems to be the prolongation of their suspense, which has injured the political, social, and economic life of the principality, according to the local press. But conceive the Prussian Government controlling, through the interference of the Federal Council, the succession to the throne in Saxony or Bavaria. Would the German Empire stand the strain?

The position in Hungary remains, to all appearance, unaltered. Negotiations, indeed, are going on between the Ministerialists and the leaders of the Opposition, the aristocratic group of Dissentient Liberals acting as mediators; but it is believed that these latter are promoting a settlement chiefly to open a way back for themselves into the Liberal fold, and that the success of the negotiations is not so probable as it may seem. The result could only be to eliminate Baron Banffy and to leave the attitude of the Liberal party unchanged. Nevertheless, even that degree of success on the part of an Opposition which has done its best to make Parliamentary government ridiculous would be a severe blow to constitutional government in its only home in Eastern Europe. The Magyar population, following M. Jókai's advice, is hastening to show its confidence in the Government by paying its taxes in advance, and the members of the Bourse of Buda-Pesth have just pledged themselves to do so; but it seems improbable that the ultra-Nationalist communes will not resist the exaction of the taxes under a mere Royal decree. And the Slavs and Roumanians, who are outside ordinary politics, may intervene in a crisis with effect.

LITERATURE.

Concise statements of national character are the stock-in-trade of a certain type of publicist. "The Celt," "the Latin," "the Frenchman," are supposed all of them to have certain definite qualities in their blood, and to be incapable of certain kinds of political action in consequence. It is a crude theory, long ago ridiculed by serious writers, but so convenient to the theorist in a hurry that it still holds the field. It was Bagehot, we think, who pointed out that race-character, in modern nations, is very largely the product of literature, which exalts certain types and qualities, so that they come to be imitated more or less consciously; but still it is not easy to say what those types are. An effort, not at formulating the types but at indicating how they might be scientifically formulated, is made by Prof. Mantegazza in the current number of the *Nuova Antologia*. He first collects a certain number of judgments passed by various eminent writers on the Italians, the French, the English, and other peoples collectively, and summarises the results. The Italians, for instance, are found to be "erotic and æsthetic"; the French, "excitable, erotic, inconstant"; the English, "egoistic, religious, tenacious—perhaps also hypocritical, certainly proud"; the Russians, "neurotic," and so on. Obviously, these statements though compendious, are rather crude—are Russian mujiks "neurotic," for instance?—and are summaries of national antipathies rather than of facts. But how to get further? Prof. Mantegazza answers: By criminal statistics, statistics of charity, of the relation between expenditure on public education and on charity, of the use of libraries, of attendance at theatres, and by other lines of inquiry. For example: Italians travel much on Sunday, because it is a holiday, and little on Friday, because it is an "unlucky day"; compare the numbers of travellers on the two days in the various provinces, and you get a measure of popular superstition. This test may also strike a statistician as crude, and it is curious that the Professor takes so little account of literature. After all, there is, or was, a good deal of attention paid to *Völkerpsychologie* in Germany, and the study once had a periodical of its own. Then, not to speak of literature proper, which is nearly always due partly to foreign influences, there are always folk-songs and folk-lore. We wish, however, his demand for quantities of classified statistics would convince some of our own writers that they have still something to learn about the abstract but highly composite "Celt," and the still more abstract but not less composite "Aryan." But that is too much to hope.

"War against War," Mr. Stead's "Chronicle of the International Crusade of Peace" appeared for the first time yesterday. It opens with a stirring and intensely earnest appeal to the nations to work for peace during the next three months with the same energy that an army works in war, an appeal which, moreover, gives some excellent grounds of hope for success. It contains also a good deal of matter of abiding interest—notably a beautiful design by Mr. Henry Holiday, illustrating "The Coming Triumph of Peace," and a number of autograph letters from eminent men wishing success to the movement. It shows in a very effective way what has been done and what is to be done, and we cordially commend it to the attention of the public.

OBITUARY.

Count Otto von Bray-Steinberg had signed, in his capacity as Bavarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, the treaty of November 23, 1870, by which Bavaria entered the German Empire.—Count Francis Karolyi was civil attaché to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, and son of the well-known statesman.—M. Ferdinand Lichtenberger, a native of Alsace,

had been professor at the Protestant Theological Seminary at Strasburg from 1864 to the war of 1870. Refusing a chair in the German University of Strasburg, he had retained his French nationality, and resumed his position as a French professor on the reconstitution of the Strasburg Theological School in Paris in 1877. He had written an important history of German religious ideas, and had edited a standard encyclopædia of religious knowledge.—Mr. Richard Gowing, for many years past the secretary of the Cobden Club, had done good service to the cause of education as well as to that of Free Trade.—"Brother" Henry Prince was known as the founder of the "Agapemone," near Bridgwater, that strange institution, conventual in form and most anti-ascetic in practice, which was the outcome of certain extravagances of the doctrine of Perfectionism, and which scandalised the religious world some fifty years ago.

THE MADAGASCAR PAPERS.

IT is by no means a bad thing that we should be able at times to correct our judgment upon our own actions by seeing in what light they are regarded by more or less impartial outsiders. Such an opportunity has been offered to us this week in connection with the unexpected publication in this country of the Madagascar Correspondence. Last Saturday, when that correspondence appeared in the press, our journalists were apparently unanimous in their judgment upon the events with which it dealt. Here was another and a most unjustifiable example of the "policy of pin pricks" with which France has been pursuing us for so many years. We had been tricked and defrauded in Madagascar by the French Government. Repeated declarations of the intentions of French Ministers had been deliberately broken without a word of real apology or explanation, and repeated protests on the part of the British Government with regard to proceedings that had seriously injured British interests in Madagascar had been calmly and persistently ignored. To those who have followed the course of events in Madagascar it need hardly be said that there was nothing new in the story told in the correspondence, except the welcome fact that, about the time of the struggle over Fashoda, M. Delcassé had actually yielded in substance though not in form to one of our protests, that which referred to the prohibition of the British coasting along the shores of the island. But though many of us had known for months past the way in which our claims in Madagascar have been treated by the French, it must be confessed that the reading of the complete story, as it was set forth in the despatches, left an unpleasant taste in the mouth. It had also the very undesirable effect of once more arousing among our more bellicose journalists the indignation against France which had been slowly dying down since the closing of the Fashoda incident. Some of our newspapers, and notably the *Times*, allowed that indignation to lead them to the use of language which can only be regarded as needlessly offensive and insulting to the *amour-propre* of the French people.

There is, we believe, no division of opinion in this country as to the want of fairness and justice with which our interests in Madagascar have been treated by the Quai d'Orsay. It is difficult to see how any Frenchman who reviews the whole situation calmly can doubt that we have very good reason to complain of the way in which we have been treated. But even last Saturday, when we were all under the deep impression which the publication of the correspondence made upon us, there were some who regretted that the publication should have taken place at this particular moment, when there is so high a degree of tension in the relations of the two countries, and when Frenchmen are possessed with the idea that Great Britain is really trying to provoke a war. The members of this small minority could not shake off an uncomfortable impression that the printing of the correspondence at that particular juncture in the history of the two nations would be regarded by Frenchmen as a confirmation of their theory, that England, having at last kicked against the policy of petty provocations, was now determined to carry the war into the other camp, and to force the French, whether willingly or otherwise, to come to a settlement of all outstanding questions between us, or to accept the alternative of the sword. In a very few hours it was seen that this was precisely the view which the French took of the incident. Their opinion was, of course, turned to ridicule by our own newspapers, which pointed out, quite fairly, that the incidents recorded in the corespondence were, with one exception, anterior to the Fashoda affair, and that consequently there was no tangible connection between the two matters. But now we are able to see that in Vienna and Berlin the publication of the correspondence is viewed in the same light as that in which it is viewed in Paris. There also—where a dispassionate view of the situation may be taken—men see in the sudden publication of this correspondence, without any ostensible justification, proof of the fact that this country is really inspired by a feeling of bitter hostility towards France, and is prepared to go to all lengths in order to compel the French to come to an agreement with us upon all open questions.

We cannot but think that the evidence we have of the way in which Austria and Germany regard the latest move of our Foreign Office is worthy of the serious attention, not only of Lord Salisbury, but of the British people. It is, of course, possible—for nothing seems to be impossible in the history of our mysterious Foreign Office—that these despatches were published for some very serious reason. We may, for example, be on the eve of a new crisis, and Ministers may have felt that it was their duty to take the whole country into their confidence with regard to the Madagascar Question as, a few weeks ago, they took it into their confidence with regard to the Fashoda negotiations. But we have no proof that the Government acted from any necessity of this kind; and if no such necessity existed, then we venture to think that the publication of these despatches has been due to a grave error of judgment on the part of Ministers. It cannot be the purpose of any sane man, even if he be as ardent a Jingo as Mr. Chamberlain himself, needlessly to inflame the opinion of Englishmen against France, or needlessly to strengthen that terrible fear which now has so paralysing an effect upon the action of French statesmen—the fear that we are really trying to force them into a war. Everybody on this side of the Channel ridicules this fear as utterly unfounded, and we are convinced that, so far as the majority of Englishmen are concerned, there is no kind of justification for it. But why, then, have Ministers taken a course that has had the effect not only of strengthening Frenchmen in their belief in our hostile intentions, but of leading Austrians and Germans reluctantly to come to the conclusion that this belief is well founded? We cannot find any answer to that question that will justify the action of Ministers, always supposing that there is no deadly secret hidden from the public eye which makes it necessary that we should bring

France face to face with us over Madagascar, as well as over Fashoda. To us it seems deplorable that this country should appear to the outer world to be in an unrelenting and unconciliatory mood towards France. We grant most fully the provocation we have received from the pursuit by our neighbours of the "policy of pin-pricks"; but France herself has begun to realise the mistake which she has committed in following that policy, and many influential voices are raised on the other side of the Channel to emphasise the warning which has been given to Frenchmen by the issue of the Fashoda affair. In these circumstances a policy neither of weakness nor of brow-beating, but of conciliation, is that which is now most likely to serve our interests. France has learned, by a very bitter experience, the risks she runs in carrying her policy of defiance of English protests and disregard for English rights too far, and the very latest despatch in the Madagascar correspondence shows that the lesson has not been altogether in vain. The wise course for an English Government now is, without abating any claim that is founded upon right, to abstain scrupulously from any step that may aggravate a situation already more than sufficiently embittered. We are all aware that this country is not thirsting for the blood of Frenchmen; but we must not forget that Frenchmen themselves think that it is. The very worst step that an English Minister can take is to do anything which is likely to confirm Frenchmen in this dangerous delusion. We refrain from discussing one important aspect of the Madagascar papers beyond saying that it is bad policy to attempt to atone for past weakness by acting now with needless violence. Lord Salisbury cannot wipe out the memory of his feebleness in the earlier stages of the Madagascar Question by using unnecessarily strong language now.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND ITS FOES.

THE meeting of the French Chamber has, unfortunately, given a fresh set of opportunities to the disturbers of the peace and conspirators against the Constitution. The Dreyfus case, with its astonishing developments and revelations, has divided the French people into two camps, one of which attracts to itself all the enemies of the Republic. The machinations of the champions of the army have this week taken a new and amazing form. Those who, like ourselves, have predicted the ultimate triumph of equity and good sense, have hoped that the removal of the case into the calm judicial atmosphere of the Court of Cassation would tend to quiet the minds of the mass of the French nation, and that the judgment arrived at in this elevated region would secure general acceptance and help to close the case. But this week an extraordinary attempt has been made to prevent such a settlement. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, President of one of the divisions of the Court, has produced a story—artfully divided into sections and published in serial form—meant to discredit his colleagues before their judgment is delivered. The story as it stands is trumpery. It reminds the cool observer at a distance of the indignation of the defendant in Bardell *v.* Pickwick, when Mrs. Bardell's counsel, on entering the court, nodded to his own counsel and remarked that it was a fine morning. Two judges have spoken civilly to a witness; one of them has sent him a courteous message when his examination was postponed, and has even—to the disgust of an usher—ordered that his failing energies should be refreshed with "a grog." The latter courtesy, it appears, has also been offered to a witness on the other side, who declines either to confirm the statement or to deny it. Further, the Court has, or is said to have, dealt rather roughly with witnesses from the War Office. Considering the astonishing things sometimes done by French judges—such as communicating to a jury a private letter from an unknown correspondent, reflecting on the character of an important witness in a criminal case—one can hardly find any great irregularity in seeing a witness in a private room. Even British judges, too, sometimes show their views on the Bench, and treat witnesses roughly—often with excellent reason. However, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire's purpose is clear enough. It is to "stab the Court of Cassation in the back"; to render the inquiry abortive, discredit the judgment before it appears, and plunge the highest judicial tribunal in the country into the mire with which the enemies of the Republic have done their best to bespatter all her other institutions. He proposes to throw more mud by his "revelations" on the Panama trial, for his own part in which he has received severe censure in the report of a committee of the Chamber itself. Happily, this time the Chamber has shown its good sense and vindicated the reputation of the democracy of France. On Thursday, by the sufficient majority of 423 votes to 124, it contemptuously dismissed the interpellation on the charges which was introduced by M. Millevoye, whose production some four years ago of the ludicrous Norton forgeries ought to have excluded him for ever from political life. The debate has served to show once more that the supporters of the army are the adversaries of the Republic and the chief promoters of war with us. The result is satisfactory; but the inquiry ordered into the charges against the Bench, though it will dispose of them, will probably only excite the "patriots" more.

M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire's charges possess no intrinsic importance. Taken in conjunction with his own record, their importance becomes a negative quantity. He is himself a restless, ambitious man, put as a reward for past services of great utility, but rather dubious legality, into a position usually filled by other methods and by quite another sort of man. For years the judges of the Court of Cassation have formed a kind of hereditary and endogamous group, something like the partners in many an old-fashioned private country bank in England, only on a more grandiose scale. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, novelist, journalist, and sometime prosecuting counsel for the Government, naturally does not get on well with such colleagues, and has recently cherished an intention of entering political life. Probably his story is at once a bid for popular support—if not for a better place under an anti-Republican Government—and an effort to pay off old scores. But the important and lamentable fact is that anyone should be found to take the charges seriously, and that the Chamber should waste even one sitting in discussing them.

For, in truth, the state of public business is deplorable. The Budget for the present year ought to have been voted by December 31st. Not merely has the debate on it not begun, but the Budget Committee is in arrears: early this week it was doubtful if the sub-committees were ready. Every French Ministry starts, moreover, with a huge programme of social and fiscal reform, which never gets much further. We do not know how many years it is since the Chamber began to discuss "the relief from taxation of hygienic beverages, with the abolition of the privileges of private distillation." But they were discussing it in lucid intervals during the Panama scandal of 1892, and they occasionally discuss it still. It

is a subject of importance, not merely to every owner of a vineyard or orchard, but to every taxpayer, inasmuch as it involves the abolition of the *octrois*. We do not think it has got much further in six years. Can it be wondered at that impatient spectators, with business interests to promote, ask if the Chamber has any other function than to make scenes and waste time? Meanwhile outside the Chamber France is divided into two camps, each with a League to organise the pacification of public feeling by demonstrating against its rival. And, with the best intentions, ulterior questions are being most inopportunely raised. A Taxpayers' League is formed to agitate against the new income-tax, which is still some way off. A well-known publicist expresses his desire for a Supreme Court on the American model, because he hopes that, like its prototype, it would declare any income-tax to be unconstitutional. Other public men of more or less repute demand a revision of the constitution, not because of the Dreyfus case, but because of the deadlock in public business. It is difficult to imagine any more untimely proposition, at least for supporters of the Republic.

We still believe in the good sense and patriotism of the French people—especially that portion of it which does not frequent the Boulevards of Paris. We believe the Ministry is doing its best to gain time; that the devices of Orleanists and Bonapartists, of Clericals and Anti-Semites, will defeat themselves; that the excitement will wear itself out, and that the Republic will weather the storm, as it weathered the storms set up by the MacMahon Government and by the scandals of Panama. But whether it does so depends largely on the Chamber, and especially on the obscure Republicans from the provinces. About a sixth of the whole body are new to Parliamentary life. Very many of the rest are, to say the least, inconspicuous anywhere. It rests with them to rally in defence of the Republic. Let them support the Government; let them dismiss interpellations; let them turn to the serious but undramatic business which is in arrear. Only so, we believe, can France be put out of danger. It may be that at this crisis the foes of the Republic are not the Orleanists and Bonapartists and Anti-Semites who display their wiles in the sight of the party. Revolution has no chance except it be accepted by the indifferentist masses. If it is so accepted, it is almost certain that the change will make for war—probably in the first instance with ourselves. The war party are the Anti-Republican party. It rests with the frugal, hardworking, pacific mass of the people to resist the promoters of reaction and for the Chamber to show them the way. It is an encouraging sign that the Budget debate is to begin on Monday. But, if public business be not expedited, the foes of the Republic will be of her own household.

THE STRENUOUS AGE OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. GULLY'S charming lecture at Carlisle deserves a wider attention than most political speeches. At a time when everyone is wondering whether the coming session can possibly be as dull as the last, and the active interests of the people are turned from domestic reform to the more exciting events abroad, there is a certain use in the reminder that the House of Commons was more than two hundred years ago the centre of national life. How comes it that, on the whole, the work of the House was followed more eagerly by the country when no one was allowed to report its debates than now, when every member's main desire is to see his speech at length in the morning papers? Of course the main reason is beyond and above all matters of form and ceremony. Under the Stuarts, privilege was winning its great victory over prerogative. The member of the House of Commons knew that in performing his duty conscientiously he ran considerable personal risk. The constituents felt that their members were not merely struggling for office, but fighting a battle in which the issue was much more doubtful than at Omdurman. The meanest of mortals is in some degree a hero-worshipper, and it has long since ceased to be possible for any but the most imaginative to discern aught of the heroic in the minor self-sacrifices of the modern politician. But this is not all. The earlier Parliaments of the seventeenth century became the centre of national interest, because they showed themselves worthy of a great opportunity; not merely because they had a great work to do, but because they did it very well. We venture to believe that the ancient rule of privilege which prevented debates being fully reported had something to do with this success. Mr. Gully says, correctly enough, that the origin of the rule was the fear that members might be prosecuted for utterances offensive to the Crown. It could never have entered into anybody's head to make such a rule merely on the ground that it would be morally better for the members not to be reported. And yet in the earlier days of Parliamentary government in England the undesigned moral effect was not unimportant. At the beginning of the reign of James, though the size and constitution of the House of Commons had long been settled, many of its forms already stereotyped, and most of its powers asserted by lawyers, it was, in effect, as an engine of government a new body, nearly as new as was the French States-General in 1789. The spirit of the House had still to grow up. The sessions during the Tudor times had been comparatively short, and the initiative of the Parliament men had been of little effect in government. Except on rare occasions, the House merely ratified the decisions of Monarch and Ministers. Under the Stuarts, Monarch and Ministers were not trusted, and the Parliament men began to govern England for themselves. There is no other case in history, not excepting the Congress of the United States, where a deliberative assembly, newly called to supreme authority, acquitted itself so well. We are apt to put this down, in the pride of Anglo-Saxonism, to the inherent superiority of the race. But is this a sufficient explanation? The seventeenth-century Englishman was not by any means necessarily and naturally a business-like Parliamentarian. He was a bit of a ranter. It would have been quite possible for him to have degenerated into a religious Jacobin if he had got the chance. But he never got the chance. There was little or nothing to be gained by talking to the gallery. Though Rushworth at the table, or some other furtive note-taker, might put down something of the speeches, every member knew that he would be judged not so much by what he said, as by how he and the others with whom he co-operated managed the business in hand. There was no Mirabeau to *enferrer* the assembly, gaining popularity by violence of speech and forcing the body of members into extreme courses, adopted less from conviction than from fear of the mob. The House met at the strenuous hour of eight, did its work mostly by daylight, and if in great crises the sitting sometimes extended through the night, still everyone was speaking only to the House, and not to a wider audience with less sense of responsibility. There are few rules of immutable application, but, in the circumstances of those times, the absence of

the Parliamentary reporter was not a disadvantage. The English Parliament talked much less than other Parliaments, and did more.

It might be possible for a Speaker less discreetly reticent than Mr. Gully—a Speaker of the type of Mr. Read of Maine, for instance—to point the moral of these reminiscences, and to suggest that the shorthand writer is not an unmixed gain even in the nineteenth century. The mere reports of speeches give an inadequate idea of the real work of the House of Commons, and so long as the constituents only see the reports of speeches they have some excuse for regarding it as a "talking shop." Editors have, of recent years, cut down the shorthand writer's notes more and more, and it may be that any further reduction of the reports would be dangerous. But this rather depends on what is substituted. If the only alternative to the shorthand writer is the descriptive reporter, the danger would be a real one. The man who makes a speech to advertise himself is a degree less obnoxious than the man whose method of making a name is to harass the London correspondents with the matter for paragraphs. The convenient euphemism of the House is that correspondents are allowed into the Lobby "for the convenience of members." They are certainly there for the convenience of some members, much more than for the advantage of the newspaper or its readers. The puffing of Mr. So-and-so's Bill, which will never be even discussed, or of his great activity on behalf of his constituents, which consists of asking a useless question and telling all about it in the Lobby, is one of the things which tend to bring Parliament into contempt. But we venture to think there is room for a record of Parliamentary proceedings which would give a truer view of the work done than either the shorthand writer or the paragraphist. A sober record of the work done rather than of the things said, emphasising with intelligence the actual effect of each proposed change, would require not merely assiduous attendance in the gallery, but much laborious preparation among statutes and Blue Books. Yet the record, if well done, would be worth the doing. The mere personal drama of Parliamentary life has ceased to be so exciting since Mr. Gladstone went. People get tired of reading about Mr. Chamberlain's complexion, or Dr. Tanner's misconduct, or Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett's absurdities. They find that to those in search of "human documents" the police courts offer more variety. But there is a genuine desire to know what is really being done by Parliament, as distinguished from its more noisy entities. If any young journalist were in search of literary models to follow, he might pass a recess, as Mr. Gully seems to have done, in studying the ancient diaries of members—such as that of the Mr. Thomas Burton to whom the Speaker referred us at Carlisle.

MR. LECKY ON MR. GLADSTONE.

BULWER LYTTON said, with truth and point, that the best criticism was enlightened admiration. The worst is unsympathetic misconception, and of that Mr. Lecky has just furnished a crucial example. With what *The Times* is pleased to call "happy inconsequence," he has concluded the preface to the new edition of "Democracy and Liberty" with an analysis of Mr. Gladstone's character. Mr. Lecky, who began life as an ardent Liberal, is now a gloomy and hopeless Conservative, disbelieving in popular government, and distrusting political change. Mr. Gladstone, who entered the House of Commons, not, as Mr. Lecky says, misquoting Macaulay, a "stern and unbending Tory," but a blend of Canningite and Peelite, left it a thorough Democrat, convinced by half a century's experience that the people were safe repositories of power. The contrast may be unpleasant to Mr. Lecky. That, however, is a small point. It is more curious and interesting that Mr. Lecky, in his character of philosophic historian, has not taken the trouble to rectify the most palpable delusions about Mr. Gladstone's early career. Macaulay did not say that Mr. Gladstone was himself a stern and unbending Tory, but that he was the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories who reluctantly and mutinously followed Sir Robert Peel. Their hope was doomed to disappointment, if, indeed, Macaulay be r ght in thinking that they ever entertained it. Mr. Gladstone was a Peelite pure and simple so long as Sir Robert Peel lived. He remained the centre of the Peelite party after Sir Robert Peel's death, and from 1846 to 1850 Peel was virtually a Liberal. With the working classes, not in his lifetime enfranchised, Peel had little to do. He had been a stern and unbending Tory, which Mr. Gladstone never was. He stoutly, though as some thought with insufficient pertinacity, resisted the Reform Bill of 1832. But long before his death he had acquired full confidence in the middle classes, to whom that Bill gave votes, and in his last speech as Prime Minister he expressed a noble aspiration that he might live in the gratitude of those who supported themselves by their labour as the author of untaxed bread. This was the man, and not Lord Liverpool or Lord Eldon, by whom Mr. Gladstone's political ideas were formed. In his foreign policy, which Mr. Lecky feebly depreciates and wholly misunderstands, he was a disciple of Mr. Canning. It is to that policy we owe, among many other blessings, the unity of Italy, the dismemberment of Turkey, and the friendship of the United States. If Mr. Lecky wishes to acquire the rudiments of foreign politics—and he will find it not a bad preparation for writing about them—he should devote himself to a minute and careful study of the Midlothian speeches.

It was, of course, Mr. Gladstone's famous book on Church and State which fostered imaginative ideas of his stern and unbending Toryism. But the essence of that book is a plea for spiritual freedom against Erastianism; and when Mr. Gladstone discovered, as he very soon did, that the union of the State with the Church meant in this imperfect world the subordination of the Church to the State, he formally abandoned the doctrines of his early work. Of all this Mr. Lecky appears to be ignorant. To him Mr. Gladstone is a Tory who gradually sank into a demagogue, and his portrait is a coarse daub. Men of Mr. Lecky's stamp hate Democracy, because they are afraid of it. Mr. Gladstone did not know what the fear of man meant, and the last thing to inspire him with terror was the disposition of his own countrymen. They twice defeated him by crushing majorities, or by majorities which would have crushed smaller men. But neither in 1874 nor in 1886 did he lose faith in them or in himself. He never hesitated to do a thing because it was unpopular. In 1878, when he set himself to counteract the policy and purposes of Lord Beaconsfield, his windows were broken, his carriage was smashed, and he was mobbed in the streets. But he had not been taught to regard popularity as the guide of conduct, or immediate popularity as the criterion of ultimate success. He has left it on record that the chief defect of his early education was to undervalue freedom. That deficiency he afterwards supplied. He

learnt also that on the broad and decisive questions of politics, such as slavery, free trade, and the independence of races, the mass of the people formed in the long run a sounder judgment than philosophers, professors, and even prigs. Mr. Lecky writing on democracy in a state of nervous tension is like nothing so much as a man unacquainted with horses who suddenly finds himself in a stable. Instead of walking up and making friends with a shy animal singularly capable of friendship, he sidles and fidgets until he has established a state of mutual hostility and suspicion. Politics with Mr. Lecky are, first, inexperience and, secondly, nerves.

As an unconscious humorist, Mr. Lecky ranks rather high. When he says that the texture of Mr. Gladstone's intellect was commonplace, he probably does not mean to raise a laugh or even to excite a smile. How this man with a commonplace mind came to be an "extraordinary master of the art of casuistry" Mr. Lecky does not explain. He makes a curiously ignorant blunder when he compares him in this respect with Newman. For Newman, while he called casuistry a great and noble science, declared, in so many words, that it was not suited to his own temper or turn of mind. The highest wisdom, he said, in Shakespearean words, which Mr. Gladstone would have cordially repeated, was to tell the truth and shame the devil. Mr. Gladstone had undoubtedly a love of minute accuracy both in fact and argument which sometimes verged on the pedantic. Woe betide the political opponent who misquoted him in the smallest and least material particular! But that, as Mr. Lecky must know, is a very different thing from casuistry, which consists in proving that general rules do not apply to particular cases. We do not agree with Newman in thinking it a great and noble science, or, indeed, a science at all. We believe that Pascal in the Provincial Letters expressed upon it the final judgment of upright intellects. There are few choicer specimens of casuistry than Mr. Lecky's own attempt to prove that the principles on which he condemned the Union do not involve the support of Home Rule. We cannot commend either for good sense or for good taste Mr. Lecky's endeavour to account for Mr. Gladstone by physiognomy. Of Mr. Gladstone's countenance Mr. Lecky says, with graceful modesty, "in repose it did not seem to me good." He found in it great vindictiveness, which he has persuaded himself—such is the power of political hatred—to have been characteristic of the man. To anyone who knew Mr. Gladstone, and remembers the singular generosity with which he spoke in private of those who had most violently assailed him, this discovery of Mr. Lecky's will be indeed astounding. "Intense cunning" and "passionate anger" appeared on Mr. Gladstone's face when Mr. Lecky looked at it. He had "a bird-of-prey eye." Yet this vindictive man, with his intense cunning, his passionate anger, and his look of cruel greed, had "a real and lifelong hatred of acts of cruelty and wrong, a deep and genuine love of peace." It may be creditable to Mr. Lecky that the truth should be extorted from him now and then. But in attacking Mr. Gladstone's memory he has made a painful exhibition of his own small and acid partisanship.

FINANCE.

ON the Stock Exchange business continues very quiet, with the exception of the American department, where there is a certain amount of speculation going on. In the United States, now that the Treaty of Peace with Spain is concluded, that all danger of intervention by any of the Great Powers has passed away, that there is a Sound Money majority in both Houses of the new Congress, and that trade is improving in every direction, it is natural that there should be a most buoyant and hopeful feeling, and that speculation should tend, therefore, to run riot, and to push prices altogether too high. Of course, it is possible that even now quotations are justified. It may be that we are about to witness an extraordinary development in every direction, that prosperity is to exceed anything that we have known, and that, therefore, dividends will increase so rapidly that the present prices are not extravagant. But it may equally be that the sanguine hopes now entertained will not be fully realised, and that there will be a certain amount of disappointment before us. In any event, there is enough of uncertainty to warn all reasonable persons not to be carried away by the over-sanguine disposition of the New York Stock Exchange. If prosperity advances by leaps and bounds, and a year hence it is found that the present estimates were well-founded, the matter will be entirely different. But, at the present time, there is certainly nothing known to justify the extravagant prices that are being quoted. There was a very great rise last year after the Dingley Tariff was passed, and although a check occurred after a while, still a good part of the rise was maintained. Then there was another rise after the victory over Spain. And now a more extravagant rise than both the others put together seems to be going on. Supposing that money were suddenly to become stringent, or that disappointment in some direction or other were to occur, or that a war of rates were to break out, or, in fact, any of the thousand and one accidents to which business is liable were to happen, there would be certainly a break in the speculation; and cautious people, therefore, would be well advised not to lose their heads just now. But outside of the American department business is quiet enough, and very naturally so, for in the present state of France nobody can foresee what may happen from day to day. Besides, unfortunately, the relations between this country and France are anything but satisfactory. There may be trouble in Spain at any moment, and a great breakdown in Spain would react upon the Paris Bourse. In Austria-Hungary matters certainly do not improve, and there is great unrest in the Balkan Peninsula. In short, the political uncertainties and apprehensions which have been with us now for three or four years are with us still, and very naturally, therefore, the public is cautious, and speculation is kept in check. At the same time, trade is wonderfully good. The Board of Trade returns show that many of our foreign customers are not in a position to buy as they formerly were; while the Dingley Tariff in the United States prevents Americans from buying very freely. On the other hand, the magnitude of the imports is the clearest proof of the extraordinary prosperity of the country. Moreover, there are signs of improved buying power on the part of some of our foreign customers, notably India, Australia, and Argentina; while the increasing prosperity of the United States is patent to everybody. The railway traffic returns for the year are amazingly good. The revenue returns are equally satisfactory, and the shipbuilding returns surpass all expectation. During the past year, according to Lloyd's Register, the total output of the United Kingdom for the year has been 802 vessels, of 1,559,125 tons, which is far in excess of anything ever recorded before. 1889 showed the largest construction previously; but the total of that year is now exceeded by 158 000 tons as regards merchant vessels, and by 150,000 tons as regards war vessels, or 308,000 tons altogether.

The Money Market continues moderately easy; but there is very great uncertainty respecting the future, and there is a strong demand for gold in the

Open Market for the United States, Germany, and Russia. The Russian demand is so immeasurable and inscrutable that nobody can say how long it will last or what dimensions it will take. The Russian Government, in fact, does everything in its power to mislead opinion as regards its financial actions, and it is no use, therefore, speculating as to what it is likely to do. But in the United States there is at least the possibility that we may see a considerable rise in the value of money before long. We have called attention above to the wild speculation that is going on in New York, Chicago, and other great cities, and it is well known to all who pay attention to the matter that business is very active and that the country is improving in every direction. There are Bills before Congress for largely increasing both the army and the navy, and there is great activity in shipbuilding for the navy just at present. Moreover, if the present Senate ratifies the treaty with Spain, there will, no doubt, be a large expenditure upon the newly acquired possessions, and in any case it looks as if a considerable expedition costing large sums of money will have to be sent to the Philippines. It is, therefore, by no means improbable that we may see a rise in the value of money in New York. And to prevent a breakdown in the stock markets there may be a considerable demand for gold from London. If that springs up, we shall certainly see higher rates here in London, probably considerably higher rates. In Germany it is yet difficult to form any very definite opinion as to what is likely to be the course of the Money Market. For nearly four months there has been extreme stringency. Now there is going on an unusual return of money from the provinces to the Imperial Bank. But at the same time the great French banks who have been employing very large amounts of money in Germany are withdrawing a good deal of their funds, and thus the relief the market would naturally expect from the return of money from the provinces is counteracted by the withdrawal of French funds. How far the French withdrawals may go nobody can yet say. If they are carried very far, they may make it necessary for Germany to get assistance in London, and it is another reason why all who are interested in the Money Market here should be on their guard, and especially it is a reason why the over-sanguine views of New York should not lead people astray. Meantime, the India Council continues to sell its drafts wonderfully well. It offered for tender on Wednesday 60 lacs, and the total applications exceeded 727 lacs. The amount offered was all taken at prices averaging about 1s. $4\frac{3}{32}$d. per rupee for bills and 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee for telegraphic transfers.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—The publication of the Madagascar papers this morning is not calculated to relieve the uneasiness which still prevails in many quarters with regard to our relations with France, and that has affected the Stock Exchange distinctly during the last week. There can be no doubt that the French Government has not treated this country with fairness in its proceedings in Madagascar. But there is nothing new in this statement. From the very first France has taken a high-handed course, and has not only paid no regard to British interests, but has calmly ignored the repeated protests of the Foreign Office. The story told this morning gives us only the last and by no means the worst chapter in the history. What one wants to know, however, is why this story should have been given to the world just now. Does it mean that the French papers are right when they declare that it is the fixed intention of her Majesty's Ministers to have a general settlement of all outstanding questions between the two countries? If it does, it explains the uneasiness which prevails in Paris. That uneasiness will hardly be mitigated by the extremely offensive language which *The Times* sees fit to use to-day in writing of the French Government. Surely we might, at least, carry on a diplomatic discussion without thinking it necessary to offer deliberate insults to our opponents.

Lord Salisbury's reply to the Russian Emperor's rescript is quite satisfactory so far as it goes. It might, perhaps, have been dispatched a little sooner; but it does not err on the side of want of cordiality, and it shows that the English Government is prepared to take its due part in the coming conference at St. Petersburg. Would that one could say that the chances of a successful issue to that conference were regarded by the majority of politicians as hopeful.

Monday.—The statement in *The Standard* to-day with regard to the meeting of the Liberal M.P.'s for the purpose of choosing a successor to Sir William Harcourt is not authoritative. At the same time it comes very near the mark. The present intention is to call the meeting for the day preceding the opening of the Session. Nothing, however, has been settled as to the place where it will be held. The fact that the meeting at which Lord Hartington was chosen leader of the Opposition was held in the smoking-room of the Reform Club, leads naturally to the suggestion that the coming meeting will also be held in that historic apartment. But nothing whatever has been done as yet in connection with this matter, and it is quite possible that the meeting will be held elsewhere.

What is certain is that everybody will be glad when the interregnum is at an end. The Liberal party (which was so strongly assailed by Sir William Harcourt in his letter of resignation) has done nothing since to justify the attack he made upon it. There have been no intrigues against Sir William Harcourt either before or since his resignation; though as one means of influencing Members of Parliament, dark stories of alleged intrigues have been invented and are being industriously spread by one or two mischief-makers, who imagine that they are serving Sir William's interests in this way. But, on the other hand, the feeling prevails well-nigh universally that the letter he wrote to Mr. Morley, and Mr. Morley's rejoinder, make it absolutely impossible that his name should be considered in connection with the vacancy in the leadership of the Opposition. His resignation he has himself described as real and definite, and, apart from every other reason, his personal declaration must be accepted as sincere.

I observe that attention is being drawn to the persistent attempts to damage the Liberal party in general, and to injure the reputation of Lord Rosebery in particular, which are being made by *The Spectator* under the new *régime*. What the source or inspiration of *The Spectator's* intense dislike of Lord Rosebery may be, I do not pretend to know; but the tone of its articles upon the Liberal party suggests that it detests all those whom it thinks likely to be able to restore that party to its old position in the State. Reading *The Spectator* articles in this light, it is not difficult to see that they are merely veiled tributes to the power of the men whom it is so constantly assailing.

The situation with regard to France does not improve. We have as good a case, so far as it goes, with regard to Madagascar as we had with regard to Fashoda; but it cannot be forgotten that Lord Salisbury's miserable feebleness when the first aggressions and breach of faith in Madagascar took place, has contributed greatly to the peril of the present situation. In the meantime, those who do not really desire war between the two countries will do well to refrain from copying the tone in which certain of our London newspapers have seen fit to discuss the correspondence just published. Nothing but mischief can result from the war of angry

recrimination which some of our leading journals seem so anxious to initiate between the two countries.

Tuesday.—The foreign situation does not grow clearer, and we now see how the publication of the Madagascar correspondence at this particular moment affects public opinion elsewhere than in Paris. Certainly it is difficult to regard it as being anything but very maladroit. In Vienna and Berlin they are beginning to share the opinion of the French that—after submitting for years with meekness to all manner of rebuffs—we are now actually trying to bring about a rupture with France. This is what comes from clumsiness at the Foreign Office, accentuated by the vulgar clamour of certain of our newspapers. Lord Salisbury will not, however, atone for the blunders of two and three years ago by adopting a needlessly aggressive attitude now. Of course there is a possible solution of the mystery of this publication at which the *Chronicle* glances this morning. This is, that the despatches are deliberately given to the world because Ministers have another and more serious question to raise between this country and France and desire to prepare the way for it. But if that be the case we are in for a crisis with a vengeance.

Mr. Lecky's spiteful—femininely spiteful—attack upon Mr. Gladstone will arouse more contempt than wrath. After all, although Mr. Lecky has a reputation in London drawing-rooms and a certain vogue in those circles in which literature is associated not so much with oatmeal as with turtle and venison, he is not a genius who can shake the spheres. His remarks on Mr. Gladstone's character and appearance sound curiously like a *rechauffé* of the tittle-tattle to which one has been accustomed for years in Tory clubs and drawing-rooms. They have certainly no connection, however remote, with either literature or philosophy.

Wednesday.—It is impossible, apparently, to forget France, even for a single day. If we are not discussing the possibility of a war between the two countries, our attention is riveted upon Paris by the latest incident of the interminable Dreyfus case. Never was there any incident so outrageous as the action of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire with regard to the court of which he was recently a member. Every reader of the *vie parisienne* knows something of the character of M. de Beaurepaire, and it has long been a mystery to Englishmen that this gentleman should have been thought worthy of filling a judicial office. The worst feature of his present attack upon the Court of Cassation is that he would never have made it if he had not believed that in deserting justice and going over to the anti-Dreyfusite horde he was taking up the winning side. Words fail one when speaking of the incredible depths to which French society seems to have sunk; and this scandal of the Court of Cassation is, on the whole, the most terrible proof we have just had of the depth of that abyss.

It is to be hoped that Sir Spencer Walpole's retirement from the Post Office does not imply his withdrawal from active life. Sir Spencer is still comparatively a young man; he has had a distinguished public career, and is well entitled to the pension which now falls to his lot. But one cannot forget that he has been not only an eminent member of the Civil Service, but a writer of high merit and repute. If he is seeking leisure from official work now in order to devote himself to literature, the world will have no reason to complain of a retirement which, in other circumstances, might be regarded as premature.

Thursday.—It is good news that, after all, the Epsom division is likely to be contested in the Liberal interest. There are, at least, fair hopes of a good fight with a suitable candidate, and there is no real reason why we should not try our fortunes in the constituency at the present moment. The truth is that the rank and file of the Liberal party is by no means in the demoralised condition in which our kind friends of the other camp imagine. Liberals certainly are not nearly so demoralised as the Ministerialists were at the close of the last Session. They see the blunders of the Government as clearly as ever, and are just as firmly resolved to oppose them. As for the leadership crisis, it is being passed through without excitement or ill feeling of any kind on the part of the mass of the party. Unless some unfortunate incident should happen during the next two weeks, there is every reason to believe that there will be no discussion of the claims of different persons when the meeting of the party is held. The two men who stand next to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in Ministerial rank among the occupants of the front Opposition bench —Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. Asquith—have been perhaps the most urgent of all his old colleagues in pressing him to undertake the duties of the leadership. There is, therefore, absolutely no ground for any talk of "rival candidatures." As for the preliminary meeting of the ex-Ministers, it will, according to rule, be held at the house of the man of longest standing in Cabinet rank and Ministerial position among those who remain after Sir William Harcourt's withdrawal. It happens that this qualification is possessed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Friday.—A life of unostentatious usefulness closed yesterday, when Mr. Gowing, the secretary of the Cobden Club, passed suddenly away. Mr. Gowing has not long survived the founder of the club, and his death must be a severe blow to that institution. It will not be surprising if something like reconstruction of a very useful and once influential association now takes place.

Talking yesterday to a friend who has just returned from a visit to his constituents in a distant part of the country, I was surprised to learn that in the great industrial community with which he is connected the one question that now interests the mass of the electors is that of Old-Age Pensions. "Jack Cade's" cry has "caught on." It will need wiser men than "Jack Cade," even though that worthy hails from Birmingham, to find the means of satisfying the hopes that have been raised by his political programme. No doubt Mr. Chamberlain's colleagues think that they may gain political credit by means of a sham pension scheme, the cost of which can be defrayed out of the general exchequer. They will find that they are mistaken in this anticipation. No sham measure will now suffice, and if any real measure is to be produced the land will have to bear the burden of it. How the landed interest must bless the day which brought it into alliance with Mr. Chamberlain!

OXFORD MEMORIES.—V.

Scientific Science.

In 1844 Dr. Acland, settling in Oxford as a physician on Dr. Wootten's early and lamented death, was made Lee's Reader of Anatomy at Christ Church. The subject had not formed part of University studies; Sir Christopher Pegge had drawn small audiences to fluent desultory lectures; Dr. Kidd, who vacated the chair to Dr. Acland, had published a monograph on the anatomy of the mole-cricket, whose novelty moved the mirth of his professional brethren. The small theatre contained a cast of Eclipse's skeleton with a few dreary preparations in wax; corpses were sent from the gallows for dissections, at which an intending medical student would now and then assist; there was a tradition that the body of a woman hanged for murder had once, when laid out on the table, shown signs of life, had been restored by the professor, and dismissed, let us hope to sin no more. In Oxford, or out of it, Invertebrate Zoology was a subject little studied, and, while microscopes were costly and imperfect, could not be generally carried out. A comparative anatomist, however, Dr. Acland determined to be. Going to Shetland for practical work

amongst the marine fauna, he encountered Edward Forbes, employed on the same errand; shared his labours, caught his enthusiasm, and profited by his knowledge. Appointed to the Christ Church Chair, he amassed slides and preparations, introducing the first microscope which had been seen in Oxford. He employed for dissection the deft fingers of J. G. Wood, then an undergraduate; from the yet more skilful hands of Charles Robertson—who, under his tuition, became afterwards Aldrichian Demonstrator and tutor for the Science Schools and whose "Zoological Series" gained a medal in the Exhibition of 1862—proceeded nearly all the beautiful biological preparations now on the museum shelves. The lectures began in 1845; they were delivered in the downstairs theatre, whence we ascended to the room above to sit at tables furnished with little railroads on which ran microscopes charged with illustrations of the lecture, alternately with trays of coffee. A few senior men came from time to time, but could not force their minds into the new groove. Dr. Ogle, applying his eye to the microscope, screwed a quarter-inch right through the object; and Dr. Kidd, after examining some delicate morphological preparation, while his young colleague explained its meaning, made answer first, that he did not believe in it, and, secondly, that if it were true he did not think God meant us to know it. So we were mostly undergraduates; and greatly we enjoyed lectures, microscopes, and the discussions which Dr. Acland encouraged; though these last exercises were after a time suppressed, as endangering lapses into the *leve et ludicrum*. On one occasion, so fame reported, the men being invited to relate instances of surprising animal instinct, it was announced by an imaginative student, to the consternation of the professor, who did not appreciate jokes, that "he knew a man whose sister had a tame jellyfish which would sit up and beg." But all this teaching bore fruit; and before the 'forties had run half their course the question of a museum arose. There were Buckland's treasures houseless, Dr. Acland's had outgrown their *sedem angustam*, and when Hope's noble entomological collection, accepted together with its curator, had to be stored away in drawers and boxes of a room in the Taylor building, it was felt that the old Ashmolean must be supplanted by a temple worthy of the University. The proposal was vehemently denounced; by economists on the ground of cost, by the old-fashioned classicists as intrusive, by theologians as subtly ministering to false doctrine, heresy, and schism. Sewell, of Exeter, of whom I may have more to say, strained the clerical perogative of bigotry by protesting against it in a University sermon. Backed by Daubeny and Buckland, as later by Dean Liddell and Professor Phillips, Dr. Acland sedulously pressed it, till early in the 'fifties the money was voted, the design adopted, the first stone laid by Lord Derby, and the work begun, due, as ought always to be remembered, to the initiative and persistence of Acland more than of any other man. Its erection popularised in Oxford Art no less than Science. The growth of artistic feeling had been for some time perceptible; Hungerford Pollen's painting of the Merton Chapel ceiling drew men to the study of decoration; the Eldon drawings were laid out in the Taylor; Mr. Combe's fine gallery of Pre-Raphaelites, the collections of choice engraving made by Griffith of Wadham, and by Manuel Johnson, were liberally and kindly shown; James Wyatt, the picture dealer, loved to fill his High Street shop with admirers of his Prouts and Constables and Havills, and an occasional Turner water-colour; an exhibition of paintings at the Angel, promoted by Captain Strong, an accomplished amateur, brought out unknown talent and drew the artists together. Millais was often in Oxford as the guest of Mr. Drury at Shotover; Holman Hunt was working in Mr. Combe's house at "The Light of the World," brought with him from Chelsea; nor can anyone who knew young Venables, curate of St. Paul's, an intimate with the Combes, doubt whence, consciously or unconsciously, Hunt drew the face of his Christ. Then into our midst came Woodward, architect of the Museum, a man of rare genius and deep artistic knowledge, beautiful in face and character, but with the shadow of an early death already stealing over him. He brought with him his Dublin pupils, drew round him eager Oxonians, amongst them Morris and Burne-Jones, not long come up to Exeter. The lovely Museum rose before us like an exhalation; its every detail, down to panels and footboards, gas-burners and door-handles, an object lesson in art, stamped with Woodward's picturesque inventiveness and refinement. Not before had ironwork been so plastically trained as in the chestnut boughs and foliage which sustained the transparent roof; the shafts of the interior arcades, representing in their sequence the succession of British rocks, sent us into the Radcliffe Library for the mastery of geological classification; every morning came the handsome red-bearded Irish brothers Shea, bearing plants from the Botanic Garden, to reappear under their chisels in the rough-hewn capitals of the pillars.

> Nor herb nor flow'ret glistened there
> But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.

It seemed that Art was in the air: ladies painted their drawing-rooms in no Philistine taste; the graceful sunshade work outside Dr. Acland's windows found imitation in many another street; Ruskin, whose books in 1850 the Librarian of my College refused to purchase for the Library, was read as he had not been read before; while he himself hovered about to bless the Museum work, and to suggest improvements which silent Woodward sometimes smilingly put by. The Committee of the Union authorised him to build a debating-room, to decorate which—alas! upon untempered mortar!—came down Rossetti and Val Prinsep, and Hughes and Stanhope and Pollen and Monro the sculptors. A merry, rollicking set they were: I was working daily in the Library, which at that time opened into the gallery of the new room, and heard their laughter and songs and jokes and the volleys of their soda-water corks; for this innutrient fluid was furnished to them without stint at the Society's expense, and the bill from the Star Hotel close by amazed the treasurer. It was during this visit that Morris and Rossetti, with Rogers, a pupil of Woodward, hunting in the parish churches on Sunday evenings to find a Guinevere, met with the handsome girl who became afterwards the wife of William Morris and Rossetti's cherished friend. I well remember her sister and herself; but she survives is in sacred widowhood: "*Est et fideli tuta silentio merces.*"

At last the Museum was so far finished as to receive the British Association of 1860. Sections fell conveniently into the lecture rooms; the area, not yet choked with cases, held the evening gatherings; and the large Library, devoid of books and shelves, was dedicated to the Darwinian discussion, the great event of the week. The room filled early, and we waited long. Owen was to take the chair, but did not come; he was replaced by an unclerical-looking man in black, whom we in Oxford knew not, but whom all Cambridge honoured as Professor Henslow. The attack on Darwin's book was to be led by the Bishop of Oxford, who had written in the last *Quarterly* a denunciatory article inspired by Owen, and Huxley was to head the defence. The Bishop came late, trampling his way through the dense crowd to his place upon the platform, his face no longer refined and spiritual as in the early Richmond portrait; crassified somewhat, even plebeianised, by advancing years, but resourceful, pugnacious, impregnable, not a little arrogant. On the Chairman's other side sat Huxley; hair jet black and thick, slight whiskers, pale full fleshy face, the two strong lines of later years already marked, an ominous quiver in his mouth, and an arrow ready to come out of it. For a moment Daubeny hovered about us at the upper door, inviting all at 3 o'clock to his

experimental garden on the Iffley Road. Professor Draper of New York, eminent, grave, nasal, read a paper on Evolution; then, during an expectant pause, out came the Derby dog in the person of old "Dicky" Greswell of Worcester, who, with great eyes, vast white neckcloth, luminous bald head and spectacles, rising and falling rhythmically on his toes, opined that all theories as to the Ascent of Man were vitiated by the fact, undoubted but irrelevant, that, in the words of Pope, Great Homer died three thousand years ago. Another pause, an appeal from the Chairman to Huxley, his sarcastic response that he certainly held a brief for Science, but had not yet heard it assailed. Then up got Wilberforce, argumentative, rhetorical, amusing; traversed the ground of his article, distinguished between a "working and a causal hypothesis," complimented "Professor Huxley who is about to demolish me," plagiarised from a mountebank sermon by Burgon, expressing the "disquietude" he should feel were a "venerable ape" to be shown to him as his ancestress in the Zoo: a piece of clever, diverting, unworthy claptrap. Huxley rose, white with anger. "I should be sorry to demolish so eminent a prelate, but for myself I would rather be descended from an ape than from a divine who employs authority to stifle truth." A gasp and shudder through the room, the scientists uneasy, the orthodox furious, the Bishop wearing that fat, provoking smile which once impelled Lord Derby in the House of Lords to an unparliamentary quotation from Hamlet. "I am asked," he went on, "if I accept Mr. Darwin's book as a complete causal hypothesis. Belated on a roadless common in a dark night, if a lantern were offered to me should I refuse it because it shed imperfect light? I think not—I think not." He met Wilberforce's points, not always effectively, not entirely at his ease; the "venerable ape's" rude arms were choking him. The Bishop radiantly purged himself. He did not mean to hurt the Professor's feelings; it was our fault; we laughed, and made him pursue the joke. We laughed again, and Huxley was not appeased. Another pause, broken by a voice from the crowd, of a grey-haired, Roman-nosed elderly gentleman. It was Admiral Fitzroy, and men listened; but when they found he had nothing more to say than that Darwin's book had given him acutest pain, the cry of "Question" silenced him. Another voice from the far end of the long room; a stout man waved and slapped a blue-book; told us that he was no naturalist but a statistician, and that if you could prove Darwin's theories you could prove anything. A roar of displeasure proclaimed the meeting's inaptitude at that moment for statistics, and the stout man made his exit with a defiant remonstrance. Now, we thought, for business; but no, there was another act of comedy. From the back of the platform emerged a clerical gentleman, asking for a blackboard. It was produced, and amid dead silence he chalked two crosses at its opposite corners, and stood pointing to them as if admiring his achievement. We gazed at him, and he at us, but nothing came of it, till suddenly the absurdity of the situation seemed to strike the whole assembly simultaneously, and there went up such an ἄσβεστος γέλως as those serious walls would never hear again. Again and again the laughter pealed, as purposeless laughter is wont to do; under it the artist and his blackboard were gently persuaded to the rear, and we saw him no more. He was supposed to be an Irish parson, scientifically minded; but what his hieratics meant or what he wished to say remains inscrutable, the thought he had in him, as Carlyle says of the long-flowing Turk who followed Anacharsis Clootz, conjectural, to this day. So at last the fight began, with words strong on either side, and arguments long since superannuate; so all day long the noise of battle rolled. The younger men were on the side of Darwin, the older men against him; Hooker led the devotees, Sir Benjamin Brodie the malcontents; till the sacred dinner-hour drew near. Henslow dismissed us with an impartial benediction, college halls and hospitable homes received both combatants and audience; nor had Daubeny any visitors to his experimental garden. Next day I met Rolleston and asked after Huxley's symptoms. "In my room," said he, "hang portraits of Huxley and of S. Oxon. When I came down this morning, I give you my word that Huxley's photograph had turned yellow." Ten years later I encountered him, anything but yellow, at the Exeter meeting of the Association. Again there was a bitter assault on Darwinism, this time by a Scottish doctor of divinity; with smiling serenity Huxley smote him hip and thigh, the audience, hostile or cold at Oxford, here ecstatically acquiescent. The decade had worked its changes: Darwin and Evolution, fighting in their courses against inscience and prejudice, had subdued the popular mind. Philistia herself was glad of them.

NESTOR.

"STREETS, STREETS, STREETS."

NEAR a pretty familiar crossing the other afternoon I encountered an old gentleman of irascible aspect. I should say that he encountered me, for the word "encounter" suggests aggression; and I never saw anything more aggressive than the light in his rigid eye. One thinks rather quickly in perilous moments, and I had made a rapid survey of all the elderly persons who were likely to speak their minds plainly if they chanced to meet me, when this old gentleman vociferated: "I beg your pardon, sir!"—neither look nor tone suggested this petition—"but I am compelled, to my shame, to ask you the name of this street. I ought to know it—the street itself, sir, I have trodden many times these forty years—but time plays the devil with landmarks, and your County Council (I hope you don't approve of the Progressive majority!) meddles with so much that it ought to leave alone, and puts its hand to so little that really concerns it, that, upon my life, sir, I defy any man to tell the names of half the streets he walks every day!"

He paused a moment, and then resumed: "My name is Trouncer—you may have heard of me." (As if everybody had not heard of Lord Trouncer! He writes to *The Times* three days a week to denounce the politicians and ecclesiastics, living or dead, who have not enjoyed his good opinion; and as they are a numerous company he is never at a loss for matter.) "I am an observer, sir, and it strikes me that the older I grow the more scandalous is the mismanagement of everything. I do not know, sir, whether this is one of your leisure moments——"

He said this with so much fierceness that I perceived it would never do to baulk anyone so choleric. So I replied that I had abundant leisure; indeed, that very day I had read all the letters in *The Times*.

"Ha! Then you cannot have failed to notice mine on this very subject of the names of streets. Some people may think it a trivial subject; but it is a symptom of what is called public opinion. I have given a great deal of my time to popular instruction on questions of the law and the Church, as to which, sir, there is a great deal of damnable error abroad. But who can wonder at that when even your streets have no names that plain men can read? Principles, bad principles, are so disguised in these days that it takes a piercing eye to see through them; and as for streets—you say this is Parliament Street, though there is no big, bold sign, as there should be, standing out diagonally that all men may read it from afar——"

"I sadly fear, my lord," I hazarded, "that one fine morning we shall find the name the Progressive majority have put up is Tom Paine Street!"

"Upon my life, I believe you are right, sir," he said earnestly. "I do not often find much brains in

strangers, but I see you are a man who notes the signs of his times. And depend upon it, when the Progressives put up the name it will skulk away high up over a shop-door where honest citizens, who look straight before them, cannot read it! Tom Paine Street—ha!"

He bade me a brusque good-day, and stalked away brandishing his umbrella as if already dealing stout knocks on Progressive sconces making (with seditious purpose) towards the House of Lords.

I turned into the Strand (narrowly escaping a bore with a new theory that the twentieth century begins next Tuesday because it is his birthday), and there Lord Trouncer's grievance faded before a question of more serious import. "I often shed tears in the motley Strand," wrote Charles Lamb, "from fulness of joy at so much life." Would he feel that joyous emotion if he could see the Strand now? It is more "motley" than ever, and in a professional sense that Lamb could not have had in his mind. Here the actors walk, the unemployed actors with twenty years' training. Near a door which leads to refreshments you see one long, clean-shaven face in weary colloquy with another. You need not hear the words: the mournful gaze of each over the other's shoulder (have you ever noticed that two people with a common woe never look in each other's eyes?) tells the tale of many worthy fellows that are out of engagements, this pair being the two most deserving. In Lamb's days the players were very few, and they could not have trooped up and down the Strand in this disconsolate fashion. What "fulness of joy" could spring in his heart now if he saw a careworn "utility man," with round shoulders and a shabby coat, trying to whip up a "wheeze" for the diversion of a trio of damsels, who explain to him with filial intimacy that they are "walking on" at the theatre where his talents are unknown? Perhaps Lamb would be taken with the tall young woman who walks haughtily by, heedless of giggles from the little group. She has just risen from the ranks to the dignity of "understudy," and carries her part in her hand in a brown-paper cover (the Strand is littered with these brown-paper covers), which is a proof of rank and station, like marriage "lines." And every day the "understudy" walks the same way with the same part, and speaks never a word of it, for the actress who plays it refuses to have that trifling ailment which would take her gently from the scene!

A hundred years ago there was not "so much life" in the Strand, I warrant, as to incommode the leisurely humorist who looked into smiling faces and shop windows, slily ogled "beautiful Quakers of Pentonville," revelled in the "noise of coaches," and hung by the hour over bookstalls. To-day there is no space for these delights. There are no more Pentonville Quakeresses, and if there were, they would be packed away in omnibuses. Lamb had no prophetic eye for the omnibus. The "noise of coaches" may have been romantic, but romance does not grace the bulk of the omnibus, nor give melody to the motor car, though a London cabman in a rare ecstasy is said to have christened that vehicle the "blooming 'umming bird." "So much life!" Lamb might wonder now why the two old churches, stemming a tide that grows ever more profane and hideous, do not drop their coping-stones on these myriad heads. He was not a squeamish man. "Streets, streets, streets" were his delight, and a dirty alley was a flower to him. But the Strand is becoming an alley in which you cannot breathe, in which the music-hall mob and the eating-house mob, and those melancholy actors with the long blue faces and the twenty years' training that interests neither manager nor public, and the mad throng of vehicles of the largest size, are turning the "fulness of joy" to the grip of suffocation.

It is not so much a question, then, of making the names of the streets conspicuous as of giving us room to take the blessed air. Desperate remedies are starting into print. It is suggested that between certain hours no omnibuses shall be allowed to enter or leave the City. Some reckless Odile will propose that the police should send pedestrians where they do not want to go, so that when Lord Trouncer wanders into the Strand and wonders where he is, he shall be bundled up a side street to lighten the human pressure on the square inch. The side-streets, in truth, are sadly neglected, and it might be made statutory to walk in them so many times a week on penalty of a fine. We should then read in the law reports that Lord Trouncer had paid forty shillings to an affronted justice, having vainly pleaded that the negligence of the County Council had prevented him from discovering the charms of Milford Lane. But when Londoners make the heroic resolve to sweep away miles of streets and create gigantic avenues for our growing millions to breathe in, a statue of Trouncer ought to rise on a spot where four avenues meet, and point every way with large and legible emphasis.

LORD SELBORNE.*

MORE than two years ago we noticed to the best of our ability the two large volumes which bore Roundell Palmer down the stream of time from his cradle at Mixbury to the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865. A good deal has happened since then, but on the whole it is the same world that now composedly greets two more large volumes which have been chartered to carry the same passenger from the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865 unto his own in 1895. Four big volumes, nineteen hundred pages: it is a large draft upon human patience; and yet, by the side of Lord Selborne's long and laborious life spent in Lincoln's Inn and the House of Lords, and when we remember how great a figure he was both in Church and State, on the Woolsack, in the Privy Council, at the Universities; how much he was in the confidence of all governing bodies and of most bishops—nineteen hundred pages might seem all too little. But—and here is the rub—Death is a great Disenchanter, a huge Reducer. He cuts you down in more senses than one. This is noticeable enough even in the case of those men we call great. No sooner are they dead than we begin to criticise. After all, we say, what was the upshot of it? What does it come to? There are few more moving bits of prose in the English tongue than the opening paragraphs of Cowley's "Discourse by Way of Vision concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell." The essay begins:—

> It was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called protector. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him or to the trouble and folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them to be a spectator of that solemnity. . . . But yet I know not how, the whole was so managed that methought it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; much noise, much tumult, much expense, much magnificence, much vain-glory; briefly a great show, and yet, after all this, but an ill sight.

After all this—three bare monosyllables, but squeezed into them is all the melancholy of mortality; all the difference, let us say, good Mr. Cowley, or good Mr. Lecky, between an Oliver Cromwell dead and an Oliver Cromwell alive. If we feel this with the great ones of the earth, the men of mind and mould, how much more do we feel it with regard to those secondary figures, the men who, to use a phrase Carlyle borrowed and loved to employ, were *alors célèbre*. Prominent as these men were in their day, decorated, ennobled, sitting in presidential chairs, both useful and spectacular, they were not really important. True it is, there they were, busy and well paid; but had they not been there, somebody else would, and this

* "Memorials of the Earl of Selborne." 1865–95. Two Vols. Part II.: Personal and Political. London: Macmillan & Co.

somebody would have been found doing their routine work and drawing their pay with at least equal punctuality. Consequently, when they die, they must be content to disappear. Somebody else hangs his robes on their old peg, and there is an end of them. Who, asks Carlyle, can name the Archbishops of Canterbury during Dr. Johnson's life? They matter not, and the reason why they do not matter is that they are not interesting. They neither said nor did interesting things. They delivered charges, ordained, confirmed, preached, did what they took to be their share of the work of the world day by day, and drew their wage even as ploughmen have ploughed and delvers delved the earth's surface since the days of the Curse. As parts of one great toiling whole, all men have a place; as individuals, but few have any. Supply Palmer, Cairns, Cranworth with facts, they could arrange them; make claims before them, they could adjust them; raise points of law, they could decide them; you could send them to Washington or Geneva or Paris with instructions and await their return with composure. To high place they could climb from country rectories or surgeries; heralds will be employed to find them coats-of-arms; their sons shall be peers and their daughters the wives of great nobles—it is a fine career, but in the retrospect it is not interesting. Oliver Goldsmith's Life, Dr. Johnson's Life, Borrow's Life, Charles Lamb's Life, Cowper's Letters, Pepys' Diary. These are interesting—not so the others.

However, nobody need quarrel with Lord Selborne's four volumes. A Lord Chancellor is entitled to write his life in forty volumes if he pleases. It is all rubbish about the world being too full of books. There are not one hundred million printed books in existence, and there are three hundred million Chinamen alone. Divided among the whole population there is not a page apiece. Roundell Palmer never lost interest in himself. Few people do. Dr. Johnson did—but he was an exception. As a rule, "Sludge is of all importance to himself." It is amusing to find Palmer in 1866 reciting at considerable length a criticism of himself that appeared in an evening paper. He evidently would have liked even more "press notices" than he received. Indeed, an atmosphere of "dullness" pervades these Memorials. Palmer had no glorious hours. He was never the hero even of a moment. He comments upon Lowe's short-lived popularity in Tory circles in 1866. Both Lowe and Palmer were at a "Gaudy" at Magdalen, Oxford.

> He (R. Lowe) was received with vociferous acclamations in a company which on all ecclesiastical and most political questions would have differed widely from him. I, on the contrary, was coldly greeted, as if for the last five years I had been engaged in doing things which it might be the part of friendship to condone but not to applaud. . . . For my part, I never laid myself out for applause, was never disappointed when I did not get it. The observation and experience of my life had convinced me that too much of it is likely to be an impediment to sincerity and independence of thought and action. I was therefore content to be thrown into the shade on that occasion and silently to admire the triumph of my friend.

Too much applause is doubtless a bad thing, but just a little occasionally must be mighty pleasant. Palmer won much admiration and excited, it may be, a good deal of envy, but it was not in him to be greeted in any company "with vociferous acclamations." He could give nothing in exchange for the applause. Robert Lowe's fragment of autobiography barely fills forty pages, but it will be read when Lord Selborne's nineteen hundred pages are forgotten. Why? Because it is interesting. The enthusiastic politician will, indeed, find in these Memorials matter that may assist him in his Anatomy of a Whig. Roundell Palmer was essentially a Conservative whose temperament and religious opinions held him aloof from old-fashioned Tory company. He could not be happy with the "old Port" school. He had a conscience of his own to keep. He loved justice and hated jobbery, and being a sincere Christian he could not but desire to see the people educated and made responsible citizens. The old Whig was not a Christian and had no more aversion than a Tory to a job if he or his benefited by it. Palmer was consequently neither an old Tory nor an old Whig, but a good specimen of a compound, new in his day, the Liberal-Conservative, who had no objection to be called, in the matter of Reform—*i.e.* of the gradual extension of the Franchise—an Opportunist, but who deeper down in his nature was a use-and-wont man. There was nothing "thorough" about Palmer but his belief in Church of Englandism. In that faith he was rooted. The Irish Church Question arose in its majesty. What was Palmer to do? He consulted an eminent judge and a pious bishop—the judge, it should be added, was also pious and the bishop was doubtless eminent—they differed; the judge was for Disestablishment, the bishop against it. Palmer sided with the bishop, and the Woolsack fell to the very judge whose advice he had asked and not taken.

The piety of ambitious men is an interesting study. We are far from even raising the question whether a really pious man can be really ambitious. After all, ambition only means wanting something very badly. In 1868 Sir Roundell Palmer wanted very badly to be chosen Member for the University of Oxford. He was, by the order of his mind, a man who loved his school and college, here again differing widely from Robert Lowe, who, though both a Wykehamist and an Oxonian, had only too many faults to find with both Winchester and Oxford. Palmer did the best he could for himself; but Dr. Pusey required a pledge from him to oppose Sir John Duke Coleridge's Bill for the abolition of Tests; and as on investigation his chance of success proved to be *nil* he withdrew, deeply disappointed, and was obliged to rest content with the unromantic suffrages of Lord Zetland's friends in Richmond, Yorkshire. It was, he says, "a serious mortification," but

> just at the critical time Mr. Wilmot, the rector of our parish church in London to which we always went, a very good man of the Evangelical school but not generally a powerful preacher, preached a sermon of great force and reality, which came home to me as if meant for my own case, upon the text, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

Then follows an extract of the sermon which Lord Selborne says was "the sort of encouragement he needed."

As one reads the good rector's commonplaces one cannot but marvel how they could have consoled anyone. The pious soul who could benefit by them would hardly need to be reminded that to be disappointed of the representation of the University was indeed nothing.

Lord Selborne's published judgments on his contemporaries are—with one notable exception, that *In re Gladstone*—singularly mild. He does not appear to be critical. Cockburn, Cairns, Page Wood, Westbury, Wickens, Jessel—he speaks of them all with an amiable equality. He either did not penetrate very deep or thought it best to say very little. Of Mr. Gladstone he speaks at large and with feeling. One cannot blame him. In politics one great and commanding figure casts a wide shadow. Palmer had thought to spend his days as Mr. Gladstone's Chancellor. There was, indeed, a short time when the idea was both suggested to and entertained by him that he might become a leader himself; not a magnetic leader, but a combining leader. This, however, was not to be, and he had the good sense and the modesty to see that it was not to be. Mr. Gladstone, in some aspects of his character, was a man after Palmer's own heart. He was no Epicurean like Lord Derby, no queer unenglish adventurer like Disraeli, but a good Churchman who could talk by the hour about public schools and universities and the British

Museum; but as time went on, as public events ran their course, Mr. Gladstone developed at an alarming rate dangerous symptoms; a democratic turn of mind revealed itself which occasioned his old associate much uneasiness, and finally led to the inevitable rupture. Lord Selborne's view of Mr. Gladstone's character, though unfriendly, deserves consideration, for it is a view which undoubtedly will always be taken by a good many thoughtful people. Lord Selborne was not a good letter writer, but he was a good man, a distinguished lawyer, an admirable judge, an affectionate husband, and a most considerate father. He served God and his country, and worked at his profession with an almost cruel indifference to his bodily frame; and yet was able to preserve his faculties to the very end of a long life. We part from him with respect and admiration, and hope that the title he obtained for his descendants may never be borne by anyone who is not both a Christian and a gentleman.

THE TURNING-POINTS OF TIME.

EVERYONE has noticed that in life events of importance have a prejudice in favour of certain fixed times for their happening. 'Tis in spring and early summer that the youthful heart turns most commonly to thoughts of love. The vast majority of mankind is ushered into this world by candlelight already waning before the growing grey of early dawn. So, too, in individual lives one day in the week, a certain date, or a particular time of day, has a special importance due to its trick of appropriating to itself the memorable events of one's existence. Cromwell's 3rd of September—which, by the way, was not his birthday—is a case in point; and how many a man and woman marks out Friday as a day of good or of evil things!

What is not so frequently noticed is, that what is true of the individual and of life is none the less true of nations and of history. The most striking fact about the study of dates is that the beginnings and the ends of the centuries—purely arbitrary points in the vast space of time though they be—seem to have been especially big with fate for the destinies of nations. The annals of that great nation that has, at the close of the nineteenth century, loomed so large on the horizon of international politics open with the discovery of San Salvador at the end of the fifteenth century; it was the voyage of Christopher Colombus at the expense of Spain in 1492 that in 1898 has cost Spain so dear in the wresting from her by the inhabitants of the continent he found of her once great name as a colonial and naval power. It was at the end of a century that Britain finally signed away her last claim to sovereignty over those "Plantations in America" which she had shown herself so unworthy and so incapable to rule. It was in the last decade of a century that there sprung into being full-fledged the Great Republic, which, at the close of another century, holds out a new "olive branch" to the old country, and bids fair to become the greatest power of the world.

The greatest colonial possession of this country at the present time, Canada, was first settled in the first decade of the seventeenth century, and Quebec called into a humble beginning. At almost the same time—or possibly just one hundred years earlier—Britain's second greatest colony—the Australias—was first seen by civilised man, whilst her vast subject empire in the East was at that moment for the first time occupying the thoughts of English merchants. The whole history of India, in fact—with the solitary exceptions of the Clive period and the Mutiny—is inseparably knit up with the beginnings and the endings of centuries. Vasca da Gama's discovery of the passage to India in 1497, the first European settlement by the Portuguese in 1502, the first arrival of the Dutch and the establishment of the United East India Company just a century later, the first commercial venture from England in 1591, the first charter to the first English East India Company ("The London") in 1600, the purchase of Calcutta in 1698, the granting of the charter to the New East India Company in 1708, the stirring and fateful events of the twenty years from the renewal of hostilities against Tippo in 1790 to the quelling of the mutiny of Seringapatam in 1809—embracing the acquittal of Warren Hastings, the capture of Seringapatam, the development of the system of "subsidiary alliances" by Mornington, the Mahratta wars of General Lake and Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the establishment of peaceful relations with the Sikhs, Cabul, and Persia by Elphinstone and Malcolm—is it not a complete summary of the history of India (with the exceptions mentioned) down to the closing years of the nineteenth century which have been so noticeable for the plague, famine, currency difficulties, and frontier wars—events which are likely to exert a powerful influence on the future history of the Indian Empire?

As with India, so, too, with Ireland—its landmarks have been where the new century and the old have met. The invasion by the Danes in 795, by John in 1210, and by Richard II. in 1394 and 1399; the first subjugation of the Irish Parliament to the English Council by Poynings in 1494; the revolt of the Earl of Tyrone and all its immediate consequences, including the seizure and settlement of Ulster by James I., the landing of William III., the Battle of the Boyne, the Treaty of Limerick, and, finally, the stirring doings of '98, and the union of the two Parliaments—they are all the happenings of "the 'nineties and the noughts"; and no doubt Gladstone's last great effort at the close of the present century may justly be reckoned another of the turning points in Irish history.

It is unnecessary to detail instances of the same thing from the histories of England and of Scotland. They will readily occur to Macaulay's schoolboy; and so far as France is concerned, the close of the last century and the opening years of this are a case so trenchant that—many as there are—no other example is needful. Russia's modern history is entirely linked with the passing of the centuries—the "Coming of Peter the Great," "Catherine's Constitution," the Franco-Russian War, the first Turkish War, and now the great Eirenicon of Peace. Austria's history since she was a nation is almost as striking an example of the same thing as is India's. Germany and modern Italy alone of Continental Powers are the exceptions which prove the rule.

If one turns from the story of peoples to the progress of man, one finds once again how fateful have been the linking years of the centuries. The first authentic steam engine was made in 1698, and Papin's engine was exhibited in 1699, whilst the first steamboat (built by the same inventor in the same year) was destroyed by the too godly watermen of the Weser as a thing of evil repute! At the commencement of the eighteenth century Newcomen invented the engine which remained unchanged as the standard type of stationary engine until the beginning of the present century, when the present form was devised as the outcome of improvements by Trevithick, Woolf, and a score of other fertile brains. The first successful and practicable paddle-wheel steamboat was launched on the Clyde in 1790, and by the year 1818 the first steamer had crossed the Atlantic. Now, a century later, comes the next great advance—the principle of rotary instead of intermittent application of power in the Turbine—probably the greatest advance of all. Few people remember that the first railway was sanctioned by Parliament so long ago as the first year of the present century, or that, in 1802, that mighty man of brains, Trevithick, took out the first patent for a locomotive steam

engine, an invention of which the memories of Watt and Stephenson struggle for the glory. Who, again, knows that "that product of the nineteenth century," electricity, was defined and examined by Gilbert in 1600? (As long ago as 1748, by the way, a turkey was both killed and roasted by the same subtle force, yet electric cookers are but a "modern fad" and a plaything still.) It was in 1790, '91, and '93 that the really great strides in the science of electricity were made by the electro-chemical discoveries of Cavendish, Fourcroy, Galvani, and Volta, and it is only in the 'nineties of the present century that electricity has come into general use.

To such events as the abolition of slavery, the great revolutionary wave of the dying eighteenth century, the first crusade at the close of the eleventh century—perhaps the greatest turning-point in the whole history of civilised Europe—one's mind turns irresistibly when thinking of the great facts of human progress, and a dozen more, all closely connected with the first few or the last few years of different centuries, could be named. Explain these coincidences one cannot. One can only recognise the fact that Fate has accepted man's arbitrary measures of time, and has arranged her most dramatic scenes accordingly. And during the present decade she has so far striven nobly to do what is expected of her.

THE DRAMA.

"SCHOOL."

YOU tell a horse's age by his teeth. And you tell a playgoer's age by his opinion of the Robertsonian drama. Does he like *School*? Then let him dye his hair, wear a wig, or falsify his birth certificate—all is vain; he is in the fifties. For *School* is just thirty years old; and playgoers who still cherish the conviction that it is a masterpiece must have first acquired that conviction when they were not too young to receive durable impressions from plays and not old enough to think for themselves about life—*i.e.* they must have been in the twenties when this play was produced. Q.E.D. It is this little fact that makes argument about the Robertsonian drama so acrimonious and at the same time so futile. You have an older generation pitted against a younger, and both sides putting forward as a question of principle what is really a question of the almanac.

The debate is embittered by the element of personal loyalty. To pooh-pooh the Robertsonian drama is not only to pass retrospective condemnation on the old Prince of Wales's Theatre but to belittle the importance of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft and Mr. John Hare. And so, whenever a play of Robertson's is revived, you may observe that those of us who are of a (slightly) younger generation than these veterans make frantic efforts to be amused. We wish to pay a compliment to the taste of our elders. But to persuade yourself to be pleased against your better judgment, merely out of compliment to somebody else, is a very difficult feat. There comes the inevitable reaction—and then remarks are made about the Robertsonian drama which goad middle-Victorians to fury and the cursing of a degenerate Ibsen-infected age.

What distresses me in *School*—for I am distressed, there's no concealing it, and I only hope the middle-Victorian will treat me with the silent contempt I deserve—is not the absurd unreality of the thing but its vulgar-mindedness, and, not to put too fine a point on it, rank snobbery. We have all heard of Turner's answer to the critic who said he had never seen a Turner landscape in actual nature—"But don't you wish you had?" That was an answer good enough in its way, but it involved the admission that the idealist, to justify his existence, must improve on the real. Now Robertson's idealism was, to my mind, a thing more "of the earth, earthy," than any of the realism which is miscalled "Zolaesque." The poor pupil-teacher in *School* is rewarded for her patience under oppression by the hand of a "real live lord" (as Robertson's contemporaries would have said) who brings her back to the scene of her former humiliation in her bridal costume. The lord is my-lorded by all and sundry throughout the piece. Half his share of the dialogue turns upon the wonderful fact that lords have their feelings just like common men. The very persistency with which he asks not to be considered condescending shows how strong is his sense of condescension. Of course, it would not do for his lordship to marry a *real* pupil teacher, so Bella turns out to be an heiress in disguise. All the playwright's contempt is reserved for a miserable, half-starved, ill-dressed school usher, and no opportunity is lost of making him look ridiculous and mean by the side of a well-bred, athletic young "swell" (to use the language of the 'sixties again). Schoolgirls in short frocks are represented as constantly prating of "love," and one of them manages to get "engaged," *pour tout de bon*, at tea-time to a young gentleman met for the first time at lunch. This young lady is exceeding ill-behaved; the excuse implied by the dramatist is that she is enormously rich. . . . Surely the taste and tone of this kind of thing must be disagreeable, even to the middle-Victorians?

The truth, of course, is that Robertson neither observed nor thought for himself, and never rose above the common cockney ideals of his day. . . . But I am taking him too seriously; his trivial work is only now worth considering as a vehicle for acting. One can afford to forgive Robertson his Robertsonism for the sake of Mr. Hare's Beau Farintosh, a part originally "created" by the actor and destined in all probability to die with him. Miss May Harvey (Naomi) and Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis (Bella) match well enough with Mr. Frederick Kerr (Poyntz) and Mr. Frank Gillmore (Lord Beaufoy), and Mr. Gilbert Hare is very good as the usher Krux.

A. B. W.

THE WORLD-STATE AND THE WORLD-WAR.

CONSTANTINOPLE, January 6th.

ALL the papers this week have had reviews of the events of the past year, but I have not found in any of them any recognition of what seems to me the most important fact of the year and of the century—the fact that for the first time in the history of the world all the nations of the earth have been brought under the influence of the same forces. No nation is any longer isolated from the rest or beyond the influence of what may concern other nations. The idea of a world-empire is not a new one, and probably did not originate even with Alexander the Great. It has been the dream of Popes, as well as of Kings. This unification of the nations has not been the work of any one Power, although England has had an important part in it. It is due most of all to the progress of knowledge, of science, of discovery, of invention—to steam and electricity. It is the work of merchants and of missionaries more than of statesmen. We may even call it a social evolution in the order of Nature; or, taking a higher view, we may call it a development of the Divine purpose to establish a universal Kingdom of Christ on earth. Whatever view we may take of it the fact remains, and we have seen the culmination of this process of unification during the past year: A few years ago Africa was as little known as though it were on another planet; now the Powers of Europe are disputing over the last remnants of its territory and its only great anti-Christian army disappeared at Omdurman. At the Berlin Congress Russia claimed that China was a source

of danger to Europe, and might soon threaten the very existence of European civilisation, but this year we have seen her fall a prey to the Powers, and it is only a question how soon her territory will be divided up among them. Asia, like Africa, is dominated by Europe and America. The islands of the sea, with the exception of Japan, have all been brought under the control of European or American influence, and Japan is only an apparent exception. Her only hope of maintaining her independence, as she discovered for herself after the war with China, is in assimilating European civilisation and uniting her fate with the Christian Powers. Christian civilisation has long dominated North and South America, and brought them under the influences which obtain in Europe. The United States, the great Power of the New World, has always sought to isolate herself politically from the Old World, and, as far as possible, to live within herself. "No colonies and no entangling alliances" was the universally accepted principle of all parties. This policy has been abandoned, and there can be no return to it. No Anti-Imperialist League can put the country back where it was before the war. Whether for good or for evil the Rubicon has been crossed, and it has long been apparent that this change must come sooner or later. Commercial relations inevitably carry political relations with them.

This bringing together of the nations and uniting their interests and their destinies marks the dawn of a new era in the history of the world. What is to come of it? It is a result of Christian civilisation triumphing over all other civilisations. If we were as Christian in spirit as we are in name we might expect it to be an era of universal peace and prosperity. If we could be sure that the Czar is in earnest, and has the power to control the policy of Russia, we should look upon his peace proposals as a happy omen for the future, and see a special significance in their appearance just at this time. There can be no doubt that all English-speaking people would welcome an era of peace, and if they were convinced that Russia was with them in this desire they would join hands with her most heartily. Other nations would have no choice but to submit to their will. The fate of the Near and the Far East would be settled without any difficulty. Pagan and Mohammedan governments would disappear from the earth. I am not a prophet or an interpreter of prophecy, but I am bound to confess that those who believe that the last days are to be ushered in by a period of universal war have much reason to think that the last days have come, that the universal war is not far off, and that it will bring such calamities as the world has never seen. Everything is ready for it, and all the world would suffer together in it. Happily, these prophets of evil are not pessimists, for they believe that all this evil is to be followed by the second coming of Christ. I do not care to speculate upon a subject which I know nothing about, and I leave this side of the question to those who think that they do understand it. But I believe that at the dawn of this new era the fate of the world depends very much upon the spirit of England and America. If we study the things that make for peace, care for the good of the world as well as for our own selfish interests, and recognise the right of other nations to have a share in the work of civilisation, there is hope for the coming century. Still, I must confess that there is not much reason to expect this happy result. A study of the course of history, and especially the history of this century, leads one to expect that the first result of the unification of the world will be a mighty struggle on the part of the great nations for universal dominion, which may, perhaps, result in the division of the world between the Slavic and the Teutonic races. It is hardly possible to believe that either can destroy the other. Some admirable books have been published in France within a few years on the history of European diplomacy during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Sorel's "History of the French Revolution," for example, and a careful study of these works must make it clear that there is no such thing as altruism in the policy of governments. Each one seeks its own aggrandisement without the slightest regard for the rights of others, there is no limit to their ambition, and the people are no better than their governments. There is nothing even in the history of this decade to justify the hope of a change in the spirit of diplomacy, or in the spirit of the people of Europe. The thirst for wealth and power without regard to right was never more intense or more universal than it is to-day. There is general and angry dissatisfaction with the existing state of things all over Europe, which leads men to hate rather than to love one another, which looks to war rather than to peace.

We cannot foresee how or when war will come, but what we can see clearly is this: when it does come, under the new conditions in which we live, in this new era upon which we have entered, a general war in Europe will mean universal war on every sea, and on every continent. Asia, Africa, the islands of the sea, Pagan and Mohammedan, will improve the opportunity to rise against their rulers, and return to their old ways. Europe will have conquered the world only to destroy herself and spread ruin and desolation over all the earth. The Mohammedan Power, for example, exists to-day in Turkey, Persia, and elsewhere, only because the European Powers choose to tolerate it for their own selfish interests, but it is still a Power, and if the pressure were taken off by a general European war, it would deluge Asia and Africa with blood. Whatever may be the true interpretation of the prophecies of Scripture, we can find nowhere out of the Apocalypse an adequate description of the calamities which a general European war would now bring upon the world. In the natural order of things some such result is to be expected. Nations work out their own destruction and reap what they have sown. History and fable unite in teaching this lesson. Revelation confirms it. Happily, it is no blind Fate which is driving us on to this result, and it is not for us to sit down quietly and take what comes as though it were inevitable. We are bound to do what we can to avert these calamities, to resist the spirit of the age, to Christianise it, and just now to use our influence to make the coming Peace Conference something better than a farce. England can do it if she is in earnest.

I fear that I have wandered somewhat out of my sphere, as your Constantinople correspondent, in taking up this general subject; but Constantinople is a world-centre, from which we sometimes think that we can see the general trend of events more clearly than they can be seen from the capitals of Western Europe, and we feel more strongly every day that our fate is bound up with that of Europe. In Turkey itself there is no longer anything to hope for.

MENTAL CARICATURES.

IT is all very well for the Caricaturist to say that he never caricatures women. That is only one way of putting it. I, for instance, am ready to admit that he has never caricatured me—in his sketch-book; but that does not prevent him from caricaturing me in his mind, which is ever so much worse. Some people might think it pleasanter to be in the Caricaturist's mind than in his sketch-book; but I cannot agree with them, although I know that in his sketch-book I should figure in front of a wicket with a cricket-bat in my hand. Even that would not be so bad as being obliged to talk perpetually about cricket, which is what I have to do every time I meet the Caricaturist. That is the mental caricature he seems to have made of me, and it causes me a great deal of embarrassment. I see him approaching me at a Private View, and my heart

sinks. "Now I shall have to talk about cricket," I think; and, sure enough, in another moment his voice reaches me across the one or two people who still separate us. "How is it you are not at Lord's?" he asks, and everyone turns to look at the physical woman who only goes to picture galleries under protest. Sometimes I try to make him talk about his works instead; even a caricaturist, I feel, might be induced to forget his caricature by a mention of his other works; but, unlike the rest of us, he never seems a bit anxious to talk about his works, and the conversation drifts round again to the County Championship. Since the Ibsen matinée I have ceased to hope that anything would alter the Caricaturist's idea of me. Anyone else must have been affected by the sombreness of the Ibsen play and the culture of the Ibsen audience; but the Caricaturist, when he met me in the vestibule, did not even trouble to simulate the hushed voice of the Ibsen playgoer. "How about Ranji's century?" he sang out cheerily, and no wonder the followers of the Master drew aside their skirts to let me pass! I know now, that whenever I meet the Caricaturist I shall have to talk about cricket.

Of course, I resent it most from the Caricaturist, because it is his business to caricature, and he does it so effectually. But everyone does it, more or less, and in some ways it is a great aid to conversation. I should certainly have nothing to say to the Doctor, if he did not think that I want to talk about the situation. He began it the very first time I met him, which was at a dinner-party. Clearly, no one has any right to talk about the situation at a dinner-party; but the Doctor broke the ice by asking me what I thought of the position of the Kurd in the Eastern Question. Now, no one had ever told me that the Kurd was a real person, so I naturally answered him with the classical quotation, to the effect that—

> The Dromedary is a cheerful bird,
> I cannot say the same about the Kurd.

That ought to have told him I did not want to talk about the situation; but it didn't, and all my visits to the Doctor's house have been spoilt in consequence. How can I have any conversation with the Doctor's wife, if the Doctor stays in the room all the time and talks about the future of the Upper Nile? The Doctor's wife says it is because I have an intelligent look, which I am sorry to hear, since it obliges me to talk about the situation. I would sooner talk about cricket than the situation; cricket does only last for a season, but the situation goes on for ever. It is quite a relief, loaded though I am with pamphlets and Government reports, to go from the Doctor s house to the Journalist's. For, in the Journalist's house, a strict silence is kept about the situation, the reason of which is plain. It is the Journalist who has made the situation, and when you have made a situation, the less said about it the better.

My best friend is answerable for another caricature of me, not unlike the Doctor's. She does not think I have an intelligent look, but she thinks I have a sympathetic look; and the effect is the same, except that it leads her to talk about her own situation instead of *the* situation. My best friend has a flat, two children, and a frivolous disposition; her situation, therefore, often becomes involved, and it is on these occasions that I have to play up to my caricature as confidante. "How delightful of you to look in," she begins vigorously; "I was simply longing to hear how you were getting on. Come and sit by the fire and tell me all your news." Well, I sit by the fire, but I do not tell my news, for she runs on without taking breath. "I so want to consult you about the children and my new hat; and oh! Mr. Martin has asked me to go to the new thing at the Garrick on Saturday afternoon, and I've promised to take the children to the Zoo, and Jack says—but perhaps I had better begin at the beginning, as you say." I have certainly not said it, nor had a chance of saying anything; but after this I know what to expect, and I never expect it in vain.

It is very difficult to know the best look to assume, when intelligence produces the situation and sympathy raises a family of growing children and a new hat. A neutral look does not help you at all; for some caricaturists, like Bobby for instance, prefer you to look neutral so that they can invest you with their own personality. I have known Bobby for some years now, and for the whole of that time he has treated me like a fellow soldier. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting," he says when I call upon him, "but my soldiers were changing guard when you came." "And how are your soldiers?" I ask with the necessary interest. "They're not very well, thank you, 'cause it's the day for the nursery to be cleaned, and Mary goes and *shuckles* 'em into the fort, just anyhow," answers Bobby indignantly. Then, before I have time to sympathise, he adds suggestively, "There's enough left to play the Battle of Waterloo!" And the rest of my visit is passed on my knees, on the nursery floor.

On the whole, the caricatures that children make of us are the best we are ever likely to get. Another little friend of mine, aged four-and-a-half, and known as Dolly, pictures me as playing all day long with a toy jester who works by a string, and living on chocolate creams and cake. Well, I might do worse, it is certain; and I would much sooner play with a nice toy jester than with the future of Egypt.

No doubt, the most wildly improbable caricature of all is the Family caricature, especially the Large-Family caricature. Everyone knows that the way to caricature is to exaggerate a feature that is there already; but the Family always caricatures a feature that is not there at all. It is only the Family that draws its genius with cap and bells and wakes up one fine morning to discover him famous; yet it is only the Family, too, that draws its fool as a genius and quarrels with the world for not agreeing with it. For the Family, even the Large Family, has a private sketch-book as well, and most of us have a caricature in it that we like to look at when we go home for the holidays. We are rather fond of that caricature, for we have generally had a hand in the drawing of it; but we do not call it a caricature.

Sometimes, I wonder what would happen if all my caricaturists were to meet and compare my caricatures. The Doctor and Bobby would fall out at once, for Bobby would never believe that I am as interested in the battles on the Upper Nile as in the battles on the nursery floor; while Dolly would maintain to them both that I spend all my days with my toy jester, and live on chocolate creams and cake. I can imagine the Caricaturist telling my best friend how much I know about cricket, and my best friend concealing from the Caricaturist how much I know about her. It is all very bewildering, but for our comfort there is always the Family caricature in the private sketch-book; and the better our sense of humour, the better for the truth of that caricature!

EVELYN SHARP.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PRISON REFORM IN THE WEST INDIES.

SIR,—Representations having been made to me last January from editors of journals in the Leeward Islands that prisoners were systematically starved to death in prisons in the Leeward Islands, I begged Mr. Lough to ask a question on the subject in the House of Commons. This was accordingly done. Your readers will peruse with interest the enclosed extract from the *St. Christopher Advertiser* of the 13th December, which I received by last mail:—

> We learn that the Secretary of State for the Colonies has ordered the No. 2 reduced or starvation diet—given in the gaols of the Leeward Islands to hard labour male prisoners for the first seven days of their imprisonment—to be abolished. A question on this starvation diet was first asked in the House of Commons in February last, and the matter has at last been brought to an issue. The diet was not sufficient to

sustain nature. Dr. W. J. Branch, in one of his reports on the vital statistics of St. Kitts-Nevis, dealt trenchantly on the subject.

I beg leave on behalf of my clients, the native populations of the West Indies and of British Guiana, numbering over one million and a quarter coloured subjects of the Queen-Empress, to thank Mr. Joseph Chamberlain most respectfully and most sincerely for ordering the abolition of the starvation diet, with its fatal consequences, in West Indian prisons.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES HENEAGE.

(Representing the West Indian and Demerara editors.)
Royal Colonial Institute, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.,
January 9th, 1899.

THE NEXT BUDGET.

SIR,—I submit the Chancellor should frame his Budget by putting extra taxation where it will be *least felt*, viz. on Drink and Big Incomes, and abolishing duties on necessaries of life, reducing taxation which fetters trade, taxes on skill and industry and locomotion, and further graduating income tax *according* to the *ability* to *bear* it.

Income Tax to be 9d. in the £ over £2,000 and under £5,000;
" " " " 10d. in the £ over £5,000
on all such incomes derived from capital invested, rents.

Put a duty of 2½ per cent. on the profits of Brewery and Distillery Companies.

Put 3s. extra per barrel on Beer = £5,000,000.
Put 2s. extra per gallon on Spirits = £4,000,000.

Excise shows an increase of £700,000 for the nine months ending December 31st, 1898. The extra taxation is not likely to stem the great yearly increasing consumption. I urge it is justifiable to tax the *thirsty topers* more in *order* to *relieve* the *thrifty taxpayers*, as *drink* increases the cost of the police, and fills our gaols, asylums, and workhouses, entailing a heavy *burden* in taxes (using the word burden as meaning an *unnecessary, unproductive* tax).

Remissions.	Amount to be remitted.
Abolish the duty on cocoa, coffee, chicory, and all dried fruits	£800,000
Take off half the Land Tax	500,000
Take 4d. per pound off tobacco	740,000
Abolish railway passenger duty	283,000
Reduce carriage duty, 4 wheels and 1 horse, to 10s.	40,000
" " " less than 4 wheels to 5s. ...	150,000

Reduce motor-car duty and abolish the duty as a carriage —under 1 ton, 10s. a year; under 2 tons, £1 a year.

Total Death Duties:—

Not exceeding £500	A £1 stamp only.
Over £500 and under £1,000 ...	10s. per cent.
" £1,000 " " £2,000 ...	£1 " "

Incomes under £200 should be exempt.

Over £200 and under £300 ...	2d. in the £.
" £300 " " £400 ...	3d. " "
" £400 " " £500 ...	4d. " "
" £500 " " £600 ...	5d. " "

For the new Naval Programme, suspend £1,000,000 of the new Sinking Fund yearly. Result of the Budget—a surplus of several million pounds for the reduction of the Poor Rate.

It must be admitted beer and spirits are well calculated to bear extra taxation. See the enormous prices paid for brewery and distillery concerns, and for freehold and leasehold licensed premises.

Income Tax. The "graduation" should be thorough, and should also extend to those who count their incomes by thousands of pounds yearly.

The reduction of the Land Tax and of the duties on carriages, motor cars, and of the tobacco duty must lead to a large increase of employment

The abolition of the duties on cocoa, coffee, and dried fruits must also lead to brisker business in these trades.

Thanking you in anticipation for again allowing me to wield the cudgels on behalf of the thrifty taxpayers in your widely-read journal.

RICHARD VARLEY.

1, Portland Place, Brighton, January 11th.

"THE REVENUE."

SIR,—The writer of the article on "The Revenue" in your issue of last Saturday is under a serious misconception as to the effect of the decision of the House of Lords in the recent case of the Attorney-General *v.* Beech, in stating that it was decided by that case that "property settled with a reservation of a life interest does not become chargeable with estate duty on the death of the settler." If this were the effect of the decision the whole policy of Sir William Harcourt's Finance Act of 1894 would be reversed, and the loss to the revenue would probably be measured in millions, for almost all the large owners of real and (to a great extent) of personal property in this country are merely tenants for life. As a matter of fact the case decided nothing of the sort. What it did decide was that where property is so settled, and afterwards (but more than twelve months before his death) the tenant for life assigns his interest to the person who is to take next after him under the settlement, the duty will be avoided. The decision, in fact, merely puts such an assignment of a life interest upon the same footing, as regards avoidance of estate duty, as an assignment by an absolute owner of property at any time twelve months before his death.

The question whether an assignment such as took place in Beech's case would be effectual to avoid the claims for estate duty if death took place less than twelve months afterwards was left open; and it would be desirable that an amending Act should be passed making it clear that in such a case the duty should be payable in spite of the assignment.—I enclose my card and remain yours truly,

VOLUNTEER.

January 10th.

THE PROPOSED IMPERIAL ZOLVEREIN.

SIR,—In your leaderette of the 7th inst., commenting upon the new development in the policy of the Cobden Club, a fear is expressed that "the talk of our own patriots about an Imperial Zollverein necessarily makes Continental spectators doubt whether our *Free Trade principles are permanent or sincere.*" However, this fear was dispelled—let us hope once for all—by the lesson which the promoters of the "Zollverein" received some time ago as to the fallacy of the principles which from a high authority had been pressed upon the public. At the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire held in London from June 9th to 12th, 1896, the advocates of this policy moved two resolutions, viz.:—

(1) That in the opinion of this Congress the advantages to be obtained by a closer union between the various portions of the British Empire are so great as to justify an arrangement as nearly as possible of the nature of a Zollverein, based upon principles of the freest exchange of commodities within the Empire, consistent with the tariff requirements incident to the maintenance of the local government of each kingdom, dominion, province, or colony, now forming part of the British family of nations.

(2) That this Congress records its belief in the advisability and practicability of a customs arrangement between Great Britain and her Colonies and India on the basis of preferential treatment, and recommends that steps should be taken by Her Majesty's Government to bring about an interchange of opinions on the subject between the mother country and other governments of the Empire. . .

However, after the lucid address of the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, Mr. W. H. Holland, and the further arguments of the secretary of that Chamber, Mr. Elijah Helm, it was seen that there was not the slightest chance of carrying such resolutions, and consequently another was drafted in which the two speakers named had the chief influence. The resolution, which was *carried unanimously*, is appended:—

That this Congress is of opinion that the establishment of closer commercial relations between the United Kingdom and the Colonies and dependencies is an object which deserves and demands prompt and careful consideration. The Congress, therefore, respectfully represents to Her Majesty's Government that if that suggestion should be made on behalf of the Colonies, or some of them, it would be right and expedient to promote such consideration, and the formulation of some practicable plan by summoning an Imperial Congress, thoroughly representative of the interests involved, or by such other means as Her Majesty may be advised to adopt.

After this defeat there is little hope of success for "our patriots of the Imperial Zollverein."—Yours truly,

Manchester, 10th January. N. KOLP.

IN ADVERSITY.

"*COLD hands, warm heart?*"
Then let the wind blow chill
On our clasped hands who fare across the hill.
"*Hard lot, hot love?*"
Then let our pathway go
Through lone grey lands, knee-deep amid the snow.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

VER . . . SEMPER VIRET.

YOU wail regrets
Watching the tired tousled leaves
Dip down in barren death; while Nature lets
Men's feet and rain and rottenness complete
The beauty's ruin and the life's defeat,
Nor ever grieves.

Too short your sight!
Look rather, whence the dry stalks fell,
Soft buds are even yet embosomed tight,
And even yet death's fruitful womb doth hide
The promise of resurgent Eastertide—
And all is well. W. B. THOMAS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

SIR WALTER BESANT and the other men of letters who, in the pages of *The Idler*, ask themselves whether "literary men are adequately remunerated," recall to our memory a group of persons similarly perennial. We allude to the metaphysical seraphim who debated free-will and predestination absolute when the fortunes of war in Paradise were inclining in favour of the Devil. It is open to any man to solve either problem to his own satisfaction; but we cannot hope that any conceivable solution will satisfy mankind at large. Milton himself, we daresay, would have been on the side of Sir Walter; but we cannot help that. Five pounds was Milton's reward for "Paradise Lost"; but there is no publisher or editor, in the silent tomb or in Paternoster Row, who could be reasonably blamed on that account. In order to have a really unanswerable grievance against the world, creative genius must be born at the proper moment. It is a mistake to suppose that any moment is proper. Mr. Kensit would have had a short shrift and an impecunious exchequer had he arisen in the period when, with the sanction of the people, the affairs of the Church were managed by ecclesiastics of the Friar Tuck type. The most successful of modern daily newspapers would have had a poor chance had its black and otherwise sensational headlines met the matutinal eyes of our grandparents. Similarly, even in the case of Milton we cannot rationally make any charge on the subject of skilled labour insufficiently requited. The only reason why he did not receive five thousand pounds, instead of five, is that in his day the readers of poetry willing to buy books were much fewer than they are to-day. It is surely clear that any author of this time who considers himself inadequately paid should refrain from all temptation to feel offended when we refer him to the case of Milton. That was a sad case, and all cases similar are sad; but that is the most that we can say. To denounce the inappreciative public were waste of energy. To denounce the publishers at large, as Sir Walter Besant is disposed to do, is an error of another kind. If we were as plain-spoken as Sir Walter, who does not hesitate to write of THIEVING when his temper is up against persons with whom he does not see eye to eye, we should define the error with precision. Fortunately, a soft answer will suffice.

The fox-hunting squire, or other unsophisticated person, would gather from Sir Walter's writings that all literary performances are marketable commodities. "The writer of a book," says Sir Walter, "has created a property. It is his own. We do not 'remunerate' a man when we pay him a rent for using his property." The effect on the squire's mind of such shrewd remarks as that, which are plentiful in Sir Walter's frequent theses, may be imagined. "Bless my soul!" the squire will say, "these writing fellows are a new kind of proprietors, and their property is being confiscated! Horrible. We must have a League about this"; and when he hears that the League is already in full blast, he will subscribe nobly to the funds of the Society of Authors. A good many of him have taken that course already. The squire's zeal is natural and to be praised; but it is misdirected. He may spend the remainder of his life dining with incorporated authors and never gain an ampler knowledge than the apprehension that property is menaced. A better plan would be to buy a partnership in a publishing house. He would then come directly into contact with the down-trodden proprietors, and have his mind expanded. Speedily he would discover that at least ninety-five per cent. of the properties are chattels of prairie value. If he became tenant of them all and offered them to the public for sub-letting, the squire would within six months find that he had no more means with which to subsidise the League. We should not be surprised, indeed, to learn that bailiffs, representing paper-makers and binders and printers, were in possession of his philanthropic premises. We are not speaking without book. The present writer has book in abundance to go upon. It has been his duty to read and decide upon MSS. submitted to a publishing house. In every case his wish was to find the book such as could be put forth to the sellers and to the libraries with hope; but over not more than five in the hundred could he hold up his discouraged head. A large proportion of the rest were properties as precarious as a moving bog in Ireland, which is one man's to-day and some other spalpeen's to-morrow. The remnants stood in the relation to literature which brackens bear to a grouse moor. They were properties indeed, but properties of which one would be gladly quit. In short, Sir Walter Besant suggests a fallacy when he leads the public to believe, as he does constantly, that publishers can find in all books something to confiscate.

Perhaps, however, having been thus politely shown the way out of his fallacy, Sir Walter will remark that the properties to which he alluded were the remaining five per cent. of works which are offered to the publisher. That remark would not subserve very effectually the attitude of the incorporated author and other prophets who feel that publishers as a class are particularly prone to theft. What happens in regard to the five per cent. is simple. The books are acknowledged by the publisher to be negotiable commodities. They are made the subjects of contracts. What is the use of saying that in each case the author has "created a property"? We might as well say that he has created a responsibility. Certainly he has done so when the book is not sufficiently appreciated by the public to enable the publisher to emerge from the contract without loss. In the other case, which is when the book is popular beyond the publisher's hopes, the author feels that his property has been confiscated, and makes a moral and intellectual din. Then Sir Walter Besant and the authors incorporate back him up. Through all the busy Idlers in Great Britain, they assure us that Barabbas has been at his old games again. The tenant of a property has most grossly robbed his landlord. How such a malfeasance can come about is not obvious to the ordinary law-abiding citizen. He knows only too well that it is much easier for a landlord to do injustice to the tenant than for the tenant to wrong the landlord. The landlord can be vexatious; the tenant always has either liberty to quit or a remedy at law. This aphorism, if we allowed Sir Walter Besant to leave the case as regards property in books stated as he pleases, would settle us in a fog which would give serious concern to our well-intentioned squire. That is because, having in the course of his crusade adopted what he assumed to be the methods of the enemy, Sir Walter works with the *suggestio falsi* as well as with the *suppressio veri*. The publisher is not always tenant of the literary property. Sometimes he is proprietor. In most cases the creator has the better part of the bargain. In a few the luck falls upon the house with which he has made it. Why Sir Walter Besant should use bad language in the creator's behalf we cannot, on any reasonable principle, tell. Sir Walter himself, if he bought a swamp on the Thames at Putney, and turned it into a fashionable square, would, with good cause, feel aggrieved at the moralist who publicly

denounced him and his class as having no regard for the rights of property. If there is to be any denunciation flying about, it should be on the part of the successful literary speculator towards himself. He has our leave to call himself a fool if he is so disposed. If he says "Thief!" to the honourable man or men with whom he has made a bargain with unexpected results, he is an asinine person and a cad who hits below the belt.

E. H.

REVIEWS.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

AVE, ROMA IMMORTALIS. Studies from the Chronicles of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. With Numerous Illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

WE have spent a day almost as long as "Barnaby bright," and as pleasant, with Mr. Marion Crawford in his romantic, pious, and gentle pilgrimage round the churches, temples, palaces, strongholds, and ruins of Rome. His two volumes are full of pictures, in the well-known American style, which attracts and delights when we first see it, but is perhaps a little transient, as though wanting depth or solemnity. This charming book is not solemn; it touches all with a colour of story-telling; throws the great city into a perspective, as on the stage, and we had been tempted to call it the drawing-room stage; but, in any case, it is not the tremendous Flavian amphitheatre, neither is the company which our cicerone takes along with him very learned or excessively serious. But a pilgrimage worth making, and volumes to buy for the New Year. We need not praise Mr. Crawford's English, refined, careful, and set in a tranquil key, less lively than pure and unadorned, flowing but always quick enough in its turns to avoid monotony. On so vast and terrible a theme it might be more energetic. The true Roman manner is in Tacitus, Livy, and Lucretius. To the Ciceronian a jury would give its verdict. The Urbs Aeterna should be painted by Michael Angelo, sung by Alighieri, and carved in everlasting prose by the historian of the Cæsars. But, in truth, it is a subject beyond man.

We come down from these heights and follow our guide. He is no tourist, measuring out his Rome with the Piazza di Spagna for its focus. Bred up as a child near the Baths of Diocletian, before the railway was which has broken through the walls of Aurelian with its tracks and its truckloads, Mr. Crawford tells us that he has known the city above forty years. Like a good old Tory, full of the days when Pio Nono reigned, and the Carnival was not quite dead, and stillness brooded over the palaces and galleries and gardens, and St. Peter's had its imperial triumphs open to all the world, our American is more than slightly scornful of those Italians—mere Latins, Lombards, or Piedmontese—who have conquered Rome, and are endeavouring (how vainly!) to modernise it. He is a poet and an artist, also, not subdued to the dull grey of Socialist Utopias; but the uniform, he fears, which is worse than a strait-jacket, will soon be winning its victory over us all; and the world-city has lost much, will doubtless be condemned to lose more, until another change sweeps out the modern from its usurped dwelling-place. Not that Mr. Crawford is a bigot, or hates Italian freedom, or looks down on the House of Savoy. But he has read the classics, and can quote them with appreciation; he has lived in the East; he cares more about the beautiful things which blood alone can purchase than about a progress consisting chiefly in making plentiful what is common, and he sighs for the grand civilisation of which we name the stupendous creators and upholders, Dante, Buonarotti, Raphael, Leonardo, Vecellio, Shakespeare. Shall we ever look on their like again? And if Nature made them and broke the mould, must we not worship the Renaissance as we do the brief Athenian period when perfection clothed itself in marble, and bronze, and tragic verse, only to pass away as a dream?

In this, which is surely the proper mood, we are bidden to contemplate that unparalleled city. How shall we apprehend it best? Mr. Crawford takes it from a point of view, not altogether usual, but very effective. Rome has long been divided into fourteen Regions, every one of which has its well-marked boundary, its coat of arms, its captain, its customs, and its chronicles. We begin with the Region of the Monti, round about St. John Lateran (which it does not include), and end in the Borgo, at St. Peter's and the Vatican. Those who know their Rome most intimately will feel a keen delight in going over it again, not as with some dry antiquarian, but as they went themselves, a littleat hazard, strolling "à la grace de Dieu," to speak in the pretty French fashion. They will have their own memories, and linger sometimes when the guide has stepped out briskly. And they cannot help missing a favourite shrine or landmark, since it is impossible to tell all. This plan of travelling over the Regions, for example, does leave out the story of the Catacombs—a great loss. Nor can the author take us beyond the walls, and describe the Appian Way, with its tombs and epitaphs, so characteristic of the old vanished people, giving us an insight which only the Greek "Anthology" or Athenæus and Petronius will furnish from a very different angle.

Romance, not history nor antiquities for their own sake. Therefore Mr. Crawford leaves the critic at home. Yet there are bounds to story-telling; and we confess it would have pleased us had the author, who knows his American public, admonished them that Guicciardini and Infessura may be sometimes as little trustworthy as Platina or Luitprand. The seven Kings of Rome are here again; and they will do little harm. We must agree with Lanciani, who has the excavations on the Palatine to bear him out—that if there was not a Romulus of that ilk, yet there was some one, an individual standing in his own time and other real categories—who built the Romulean citadel. Our criticism leaps many centuries, and comes to Lucrezia Borgia, whom the writer seems to accept as the legend delivers her, "great and bad," while Alexander VI. is said to have been poisoned at an historic banquet. Surely, if a doubt can be thrown, and Mr. Crawford does not shrink from throwing it, on the scandalous chronicle of Julius Cæsar, it would have been still more advisable to remind the hurrying modern that judges of repute—we mention Dr. Pastor and Bishop Creighton—have declined to pin their faith on the story of poison, and do not recognise Lucrezia as either great or bad. Even Mr. Symonds—far too credulous in general where abnormal crimes are imputed, has warned us, in speaking of Hadrian, against "those covert calumnies which it is impossible to set aside"—he means, to disprove by actual evidence—"at this distance of time, and which render the history of Roman Emperors and Popes almost impracticable" ("Sketches and Studies," III., 201).

The mention of Hadrian, emperor, architect, and man of letters, reminds us that Mr. Crawford has passed over, with too slight an allusion, that most romantic page of discovery, almost wet from the press, which gives to the Spaniard and takes from Agrippa the glory of the Pantheon. Not even Egypt would be prouder of such a rectification than Rome ought to be. The suspicion was started by Mr. Ferguson; to have ascertained the truth, proved it by Hadrian's "brick-stamps" built into the Pantheon walls, and laid bare the architecture of the dome, is M. Georges Chedanne's remarkable achievement. More, too, and of a very romantic description, might have been told us about the Imperial houses on the Palatine, with their secret ways, their dining-halls and boudoirs, and their curious staircases. We do not find picture or page concerning the House of the Vestals—an institution

without its like in Pagan Rome, though certain of its features are common in the Rome of the Popes. For a larger account of the Atrium Vestæ, brought to light some fourteen years ago, we could have dispensed with the somewhat too diffuse repetition of Rienzi's wild story, or, at all events, have forgiven a more hasty portrait of Leo XIII. But everywhere the grace and good humour which come natural to our guide carry us with him, even when he quits the tone of the book, and is content to be a journalist.

We like his vignettes, let us call them, of the great men and women. He abounds in enthusiasm for Julius, and almost canonises him, echoing the terrific Dantean anathema which condemns Brutus, his assassin, to the lowest hell, and being convinced that, had there been no Cæsar, we should now be living in quite another world from the modern. But Rome, "Magna parens virûm," had the prerogative of breeding lions. At least we may say that the most mighty Julius embodied in himself the strength, wisdom, and culture of the Roman who was worthy to subdue mankind. Where Mr. Crawford is really original, and shows a fine penetration, is in fixing on the ancient Italic household, and the *patria potestas* which was its corner-stone, as determining the whole history—Republican, Imperial, and Papal—down to this day. It is the exact opposite of our English home, so speedily broken up, from which the sons go forth as soon as they are fledged, and throw themselves upon the world for sustenance. Roman history presents us with an incessant effort to build up great and lasting families which new adventurers, backed by the democratic or popular instinct, are ever striving to pull down. The patrician families yield to the plebeian; these in their turn give way before fresh imperial founders of houses—Flavian, Antonine, and so forth—till we arrive at the Constantinian; and after them we follow the fierce and bloody struggles of the medieval robber clans, the Frangipani, Orsini, Colonna, whom the later Popes fight with their nepotism, their Riario, Borgia, Della Rovere, until the Rome of the seventeenth century emerges more peaceful, but its institutions hardly altered from the life of Augustus. In these volumes we do get a vivid and true account of all this, heightened to accuracy by the author's own experience, by his travels into Italian parts where the old Baron still survives, and his study on the spot of customs which we make too recent if we put them back no more than a thousand years.

The impression, taken as a whole, is extremely stern, with much blood streaming over its dark background, and passion, violence, cruelty, striking in at every moment. To an Englishman living among them, the Romans do not seem a very brave people. But they have always been restless and turbulent; they commit murder easily; and are, no doubt of it, much more passionate than feeling. With polished manners, good humour, and a genuine devotion—which is not quite the same thing as reverence for the ethical imperative—they hate obedience, love rebellion, and are democratic in a curiously unprincipled sense. They have always been in opposition; and now the Pope governs no longer and is a recluse in the Vatican, they are showing their white teeth under the windows of Monte Citorio. An Englishman obeys the law and respects it; a Roman submits to authority so long as it can hold him by the neck. Yet these Anarchists make poor soldiers: they have submitted to the French whom they despise and the Tedeschi whom they abominate; all they can accomplish is a riot in the streets, after which they fall silent, being invariably defeated if there is a man against them. These are the ways of that very crowd which assembled in its thousands to see wild beasts and gladiators fight for their amusement. The individual Roman, from of old, since "Panem et Circenses" was the cry, has been violent and unruly, but not the stuff of which conquering legions are made. When the Barbarians who had filled their armies found out this little secret, the Empire fell. And the Papacy has always been upheld by Christians from a distance who saw its glory, but did not perceive its Roman subjects, proud and mutinous, or thought of them as a necessary evil attaching to an indispensable authority. Rome, says Mr. Crawford, is the heart of the world's history. But Rome, if we reckon its twenty-six centuries and more, has been made by the world as much as it has made the world. After Cæsar and Augustus, the Romans were "fæx Romuli"—the rinsings of a wine which had been poured out all round the Mediterranean. We do not cast a glance their way when we salute the Eternal City. It is the possession, the noble pedigree, of mankind. When we walk its streets we are living history over again, and its people round about us are shadows.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE JACOBITES.

THE COMPANIONS OF PICKLE. By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS is professedly a continuation of Mr. Lang's former work, "Pickle the Spy." That "very notorious rogue," as a Duke of Montrose in the presentimental days called Rob Roy, was identified by Mr. Lang with Macdonald of Glengarry, and for this he was plentifully abused by those who knew no better. Undismayed he returns to the charge, and accumulates additional proofs, if such indeed be needed; in a word, he proves his case up to the hilt. But that is not the most interesting part of the book. That is his pictures of the men of the '45—the Earl Marischal, Murray of Broughton, Barrisdale, John Macdonnell. Mr. Lang has strayed advisedly in the by-paths of history, and he touches on bygone things, bygone people, and bygone days in that light, easy, graceful fashion we have all learned to know and admire. Not that he is a believer in the good old times. He thinks that all the evils, evictions, inability of the land to support the population, widespread distress, even agrarian outrages, were as rife before as after the '45, but they were not known outside a limited circle. He urges, with his usual humour, that a life of thieving is scarce compatible with heroic qualities. In fact, the old Lowland view of the Highlands was true, though it was not all the truth; there were instances of devotion and honour among these savages, and the Jacobite risings abound in such. The romance of Scotch history spoke its last word in the '45; the points that made Prince Charlie and his followers so attractive lie on the surface, and explain themselves. The minor details here discussed reveal the movement in far less favourable a light. The Stuart cause, not merely after the '45, but after the revolution of 1688, was a lost cause, its adherents were doomed to years of poverty and exile, disappointed hopes and neglect. These things bring out the worst side of men's nature; no wonder that the exiled court was full of bitter intrigues, that some were found to turn informers to save their life, or from even meaner motives. The whole thing seemed to culminate when the "last of the Stuarts who ever buckled on claymore" (to quote Mr. Lang's description on another occasion) died at Rome a hopeless debauchee. Thus "hues of earthquake and eclipse" tinge the fading picture. Murray of Broughton, who turned informer to keep his head, and who gave evidence at Lovat's trial, seems *par excellence* "the villain of the piece." Mr. Lang, however, has a good word for him; he was weak, he thinks, rather than bad: "he sinned when he did sin in violation of every tradition of education, and in turning informer wrenched every fibre of his moral nature." The story of how Sir Walter Scott's father threw the cup wherefrom Murray had drunk out of the window is, as Mr. Lang says, "known to us all"; but it is known to us as a memory of the great magician's youth, and it is probably touched to issues more

romantic than truthful. Perhaps the worthy W. S. was ill-tempered because Mrs. Scott had made the dish of tea a pretext for finding her way into the room, perhaps he relieved his feelings on the cup—perhaps the good lady was not mistress of herself when china fell—who knows? If Scott *père* thought Murray such a rascal, why did he have him for a client at all, or hobnob with him in a private room?

A more pleasing figure is that of the Earl Marischal, a Jacobite because of his ancient race, his devotion to Episcopacy, and his zeal for the true (in his opinion) interests of his country. And yet by conviction a liberal, almost a republican, and as free from bigotry as one would expect from a correspondent of David Hume. His adventurous career in almost every country of Europe, though he preferred Spain, where he was sure to find "his old friend the sun," is told here in interesting fashion. He finally entered the service of the Great Frederic, under whom his famous brother Marischal Keith served with such splendour, and was reconciled to the English government. But he did not return to his native land; he died between eighty and ninety. Indeed a charming old man! "He was full of anecdote, and having known everybody of note for some sixty or seventy years, his stock of anecdotes was delightful. For music he preferred the pibroch, in a strange land, as did Charles, alone and old, in Italy. One touch of nature!" One fancies, like the Lotus-eaters, he preferred to dream of the old days and the old faces rather than intrude himself a stranger amidst the new men and (as he thought) strait-laced bigots of the new faith. Another chapter tells the story of the treasure of French gold which was buried at Loch Arkaig after Culloden had ruined the Jacobite hopes, and how the quarrels and suspicions that it caused sowed dissension among the clans, and did so much to ruin the last hopes of the Jacobites. There are brighter pictures in Mr. Lang's gallery: men like Cluny and Lochiel and Dr. Cameron, the soul of honour and devotion. Let the reader seek them for himself.

THE FAR EASTERN QUESTION.

China in Decay: A Handbook to the Far Eastern Question. By Alexis Krausse. With 6 Maps and 21 Illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall.

This book claims to present in handy compass a summary appreciation of the Far Eastern question. And, in truth, its author has industriously gathered together data enough to substantiate the claim. The diligent reader, sifting its material, may easily construct for himself an adequate and accurate scheme of the political situation of China and the course of events leading to it. The facts in the history of European intercourse with China are laboriously chronicled, and, to rivet them on the reader's memory, repeated several times over. As ground-plan of the political situation, the leading dates may be here enumerated:—In 1536 the Portuguese secured a settlement at Macao; in 1624 the Dutch gained a footing on the coast of Formosa; 1634 is the date of the first English mission to Canton, followed in the year of the Restoration by the arrival of the first tea in England. Twenty years later, ships of the East India Company bore to Canton the first freight of opium; 1792 was the year of the costly Macartney Embassy, followed in 1805 by the Chinese refusal of a British envoy with royal letter and present, and in 1816 by Lord Amherst's bungling mission. In 1841 Hong Kong was ceded, and Amoy, Ningpo, and other coast cities occupied. Next year was distinguished by the entry of the British fleet into the Yang-tse-Kiang, and by the treaty of Nanking, which opened five ports. In 1858 the treaty of Tientsin gave to Britain the right of having an Ambassador at Peking, and would have opened five more ports had not Lord Elgin's serene ignorance of Chinese ways left the treaty in large part a dead letter. Returning in 1860 with Baron Gros, Elgin got the treaty ratified, but did not insist on an audience of the Emperor. In 1875 Margary, member of the expedition to investigate the feasibility of opening a trade-route between Burma and China, was killed. This led to the Chifu Convention of next year and the opening of new ports. In 1898 the British occupied Wei-Hai-Wei. The dates in Russo-Chinese communications are the foundation in 1851 of two Russian towns at the mouth of the Amur, and in 1853 of other two on the seaboard. 1858 saw the cession to Russia of all the Chinese territory north of the Amur. In 1860 Russia further obtained the cession of all the territory between the Ussuri river and the sea. In 1895 Russia vetoed the cession to Japan of Liaotung, which, early in 1898, she appropriated by "lease," forthwith occupying Port Arthur and Talien Wan. Liaotung means rich Manchuria, which to all intents and purposes is now a Russian province. In 1896 Russia obtained a concession for a railway across Manchuria, with a branch from Petuna to Port Arthur; and a clause in the agreement practically closes Manchuria against British trade. In January, 1898, Germany gained the prize of Kiaochau, outlet of the trade of Northern China.

The history of British intercourse with China is to the British patriot a rather vexatious record of Imperial indecision, vacillation, discontinuity, uninstructed interference with instructed British representatives on the spot; a Home control which galled the brave and capable Sir Harry Parkes into exclaiming, "Oh, to bid adieu to official life and take to growing cabbages!" Nor, little as the British patriot desires a policy of piracy, is it much consolation to him to observe the perfect contrast the history of British policy in China presents to Russian and German unembarrassed and straightforward highhandedness.

The reader will find the substance of this, and much more, written at large in Mr. Krausse's book. Its style, however, is a drawback. The style of the book is, normally, laborious, long-winded, unwieldy, pompous, cumbrous. There are many pages that might be smelted down into as many sentences, and many sentences that might be smelted down each into a fourth of its present bulk. The style much exemplifies parallelism. In passages of transcendent emotion, the rebound of a sentiment in a second expression, literally variant from but essentially concurrent with the first, is founded on the see-saw of nature, and grateful to the reader. In writings, however, intended to present an accurate and expeditious record of facts, parallelism seems unadvised. Take one sample: "Had he (Elgin) done this, he would once and for all have disposed of the great audience question which was destined to drag on . . .; and" (parallelism) "there is no question but that the omission to take this very obvious course was responsible for . . ." (p. 136). As example of redundancy: "While Russia, victorious all along the line, had acquired everything she desired, and dominated China at Peking; and Germany, conscious of her might and independence, had taken . . ., Great Britain, who . . . by dint of her prestige dominated China for fifty years, stood for the first time discredited in the eyes of the Celestials by the triumph . . . of Russia . . . and the haughty independence of Germany." "The truth is that, like all Oriental peoples, the Chinese can only be impressed by the display of power" is repeated in almost the same words a few sentences lower. The Chinese habit of chaffering in business is noted in two-and-a-quarter pages of picturesque description (47–49). And in a passage of such expatiation, it would look small to point out how "bargaining" is unjustifiably used as a synonym for *chaffering*. A whole page is given to Margary's quite unimportant journey from Peking to Bhamo (154–155). Many statements need qualification. "China, the oldest country in the world, boasting, as it does, a civilisation before Abraham." No doctor would pronounce a decisive opinion which is the oldest civilisation. A pre-Abrahamic civilisation

is no title to the primacy. The Egyptian civilisation was very old before the time of Abraham. Recent excavations in the Euphrates valley struck on a civilisation some 5,000 B.C. "The Celestial stands alone, a creation without a fellow." Does the author mean that the Chinaman is not a part of nature and human nature? To deny the Chinaman all share in "honesty, truth, or affection" is a conception remote from the appreciation of many travellers who have judged the Chinese *ab intra*. Assured how very serviceable the Chinee is, the reader is surprised to learn in the same sentence (50–51) that "he pays no more attention to his housing or his feed than . . . *to his employment*." Of clerical errors, Colborne Baber is written (p. 158) "Colborne *and* Baker"; "teals" (p. 48) is written for *taels*; "Kiu-shi-Kiang," as name of the upper waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, should be *Kin-sha-Kiang*; "Kiu-Ho" is probably *Kin-Ho* (golden river). "Not as familiar with the Celestial etymology as Dr. S. W. Williams, Parkes acquired a familiarity with the colloquial." No noun follows "colloquial."

Withal, however, the book is marked by a tone of patriotic zeal; nor is the narrative wanting in energy and emphasis.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE.

LEGENDS AND RECORDS OF THE CHURCH AND THE EMPIRE. By Aubrey de Vere. London: Macmillan & Co.

BEOWULF. Translated by William Morris and A. J. Wyatt. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

VERSES. By Maud Holland. London: Arnold.

POEMS. By Eva Gore-Booth. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE COMING OF SPRING. By J. A. Oxford: Blackwell.

SOME VERSES. By Helen Hay. London: Duckworth & Co.

"LEGENDS AND RECORDS" is the sixth volume, perhaps the last, of the collected edition of Mr. De Vere's poems, which Messrs. Macmillian have published. It is a collection which no lover of poetry will willingly be without. In "this lubric and adulterate age," there is something inspiriting in the sight of the old poet plying his craft, true to his earliest inspiration, while his noble kinsmen in poetry have long hung up their laurels in another clime than ours. This craftsmanship, for all its unwearied industry, never becomes workaday. Mr. De Vere's themes are noble ones, and his execution of them never falls below a stately level. These stories of the saints, of mediæval great figures, are not in the line of popularity; but looking around upon the men who have achieved that most doubtful of all rewards, Mr. De Vere may say, with an earlier great poet, "Let me stand aside till this crowd goes by." His poems, full of hope and faith, turn for their vindication from to-day to to-morrow. Among later poems in a less flexible manner, one finds with delight early favourites like those which deal with Bertha Long-foot. Mr. De Vere is charming in a lyrical mood, which in this volume is not often his.

"Beowulf" is hardly for the lovers of "The Defence of Guinevere" and "The Earthly Paradise." The mediæval enchantments of the one, the spice-laden and rose-coloured air of the other, are the very antipodes of this rugged, strenuous Northern muse. The story of "Beowulf" is a fine piece of barbaric imagination, but the form in which these collaborators chose to render it, a literal translation, confines its interest mainly to the specialist. Ordinary folk would get at the story better in prose. Lovers of poetry will stumble and halt amid the rocks and shoals of this most difficult diction. Needless to say, since Morris had a hand in it, the story is set out with many splendours; but the ordinary reader will prefer him in his more silken moods rather than in the skins of the Norsemen.

Miss Holland's volume of "Verses" has a great many qualities that make for poetry. In the first place it is easily to be seen that she loves poetry intensely. The manner of her masters is hers very often. Then she has a sweet and pure diction, a delicate lyrical impulse, and a certain distinction of thought. She is at her best when most herself and least influenced by her exemplars, as in this verse:—

O Love that wanderest, for ever roaming
Through all the world, knock at the door I know,
And on the threshold in the quiet gloaming
Tell her thy wings are weary and thy heart
Is buried beneath a winter's weight of snow.
But if she weep to hear thee, then depart,
Lest she should grieve as I am grieving now.

It will be seen that Miss Holland has charm, if no very striking originality.

Miss Gore-Booth has been too inclusive. She has a pretty trick of turning an epigram, as for example:—

"Alas, that every flower is dead."
These words a smiling angel read,
Carven on an ancient stone
By wild roses overgrown.

But that is no reason for the inclusion of a good many weak and ineffective *jeux d'esprit*. She might have made a more satisfactory book with a much smaller list of contents. As it is, there is so much of the occasional and of verse intended for family reading that the book presents rather the aspect of a young lady's album. In her more serious efforts Miss Gore-Booth is not without a certain deftness and prettiness, as in her song of the end of the rainbow; and here is a deeper note that suggests a possible vein of poetry which the author has as yet not discovered.

A WELCOME.

I, the ancient King and guardian of the city,
Crave your Justice, noble friend, and trust your pity.
When you ride triumphant down the streets at last,
As you trample under foot the gardens of the past,
Be the grass untrodden where the cypress waves,
Leave some roses blooming on your fathers' sombre graves;
Cast no flaming torch to burn a house that falls;
Let the ivy hang unhindered from the ruin of its walls;
And although you crown your brows as victors do with bays,
Leave the laurels in the churchyard, for the dead have naught but praise.

For the sake of a certain nobility of thought here we exhort Miss Gore-Booth to shun the amateurish and the praises of friends. If she would give herself seriously to her work she might yet make poetry.

An intense love of Nature in her many moods, a delight in beauty, a perfectly natural pensiveness, a modest grace, make "The Coming of Spring" pleasant reading. It is the robin's song, at once pathetic and hopeful. There is nothing here to make for immortality, or even for a wide fame, but the little book brings us face to face with a spirit gentle and unassuming.

All things return again, the seasons pass
In grand magnificence unrolled.
The Spring flowers wither in the Summer grass,
And Summer dies into the Autumn's gold.

The primrose and the early violets fade
And every flower breathes out its perfumed breath,
But flowers as fair from these again are made.
It is not death although we call it death.

No life is lost, no action done in vain;
We see the father in the children's eyes.
And all things good and fair shall bloom again,
If not on earth, beneath immortal skies.

Shadows are these of glory that shall be
Faint hints like music in the night,
Murmurs of the eternal sea,
Faint echoes from the land of light.

Something of a Wordsworthian beneficence and calm broods over these pages.

Miss Hay's poetry is like that of so many of her country-people, violent, a little obvious, without gradations and without shades. But she has a genuine feeling for her art; and there is no reason why it should not ripen to a quieter perfection.

There is a suggestion of such ripening in this snatch of verse:—

> Was there another Spring than this?
> I half remember through the haze
> Of glimmering nights and golden days,
> A broken-pinioned birdling's note,
> An angry sky, a sea-wrecked boat,
> A wandering through rain-beaten ways!
> Lean closer, Love! I have thy kiss.
> Was there another Spring than this?

Wordsworth would be better reading for Miss Hay than Edgar Allan Poe, on whose head lie most of the capital crimes of modern American poetry. In her sonnets Miss Hay often does well, and is the better as her moods are quieter. Here is a specimen of her work at its best:—

> Earth holds no sweeter secret anywhere
> Than this, my brook, that lisps along the green
> Of mossy channels, where slim birch-trees lean,
> Like tall, pale ladies, whose delicious hair
> Lures and invites the kiss of wanton air.
> The smooth, soft grasses, delicate between
> The rougher stalks, by waifs alone are seen,
> Shy things that live in sweet seclusion there.
> And is it still the same, and do the eyes
> Of every silver ripple meet the trees
> That bend above like guarding emerald skies?
> I turn, who read the city's beggared book,
> And hear across the moan of many seas
> The whisper and the laughter of my brook.

Not by any means faultless, but the birch-tree ladies are a charming suggestion. By-the-bye, did not a contemporary poet write, "The silver birch is a dainty lady"?

A TRIUMPH OF EXEGESIS.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF ST. PETER, I. i.—II. 17. The Greek Text, with Introductory Lecture, Commentary, and Additional Notes. By the late F. J. A. Hort, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS is but a literary *torso*. Yet it is a *torso* of such workmanship that one can readily infer the outlines of the finished whole as it must have stood forth in its author's mind. It has a twofold interest for the student of early Christian literature. It is the only specimen of connected exegesis that we have, so far at least, from the hand of a scholar whose personal judgment on any point of New Testament study had come to count with his brother scholars for more than that of any other living Englishman. It is also devoted to an epistle which, while perhaps second to no single New Testament letter in intrinsic importance, has received very inadequate attention from our best exegetes. As to its importance, one must recollect that, supposing with the majority of modern critical scholars of all schools that the Second Epistle attributed to Peter has no good title to bear his name, this First Epistle comes to us as the one first-hand utterance (in contrast to the speeches reported in the Acts) by the leader of the original companions of the Founder of Christianity. Whether, then, as a religious, a doctrinal, or an historical source of our knowledge of the Christian origins, it must occupy a central place. Yet it, too, has been called in question in certain quarters on the score of genuineness. And though the challenge has not had much effect with most students of an epistle so full of personal emotion and direct religious appeal, it has been supported by names sufficiently weighty to create a certain reserve in the use of the writing in histories of the Apostolic age.

We fancy that after the perusal of Hort's elucidations such a suspicion will be relegated more firmly than before to the limbo of hypercriticism. His rigorous and searching philological discussions, his scientific inductions from the usage of words in the LXX. and in non-Biblical Greek, as well as his wonderful control of New Testament Greek and the constant affinities which it presents to the language of I. Peter, lead one gradually and irresistibly to the feeling that the writing belongs to the Apostolic and not the sub-Apostolic age; and if so, it can hardly be by another hand than that to which its own personal references and an early and general tradition assign it. Nor is the gain of this fixed point, fixed by such genuinely interpretative and historical methods, confined to the document itself. Its authenticity has long been seen to go along with that of the Petrine speeches in Acts; and these in turn have a momentous bearing on the credit of the book of Acts, as based on early and trustworthy sources, for the portions of the history where the writer does not speak as an eye-witness. And so it may be said that from this side also, as from the side of Græco-Roman antiquities as applied by Prof. W. M. Ramsay, the general historicity of Acts stands on a firmer basis to-day than it has occupied since the Tübingen criticism subjected the New Testament literature to a fresh ordeal, by treating it as a whole and as the product of different aspects of more or less primitive schools of Christian thought (*Tendenzen*).

Speaking of Prof. Ramsay reminds us of points on which his and Dr. Hort's conclusions diverge. To the first of these—namely, Hort's assumption that Paul's "Galatians" were inhabitants of Northern Galatia, not South Galatians (of Pisidian Antioch, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe), as Ramsay has practically demonstrated—we allude only to remind our readers that Hort's final draft of these lectures (Easter Term, 1892) was prior to the publication of Ramsay's first book on such matters. Hence his discussion of the provinces of Asia Minor and their Christianity—masterly as it is, and superior to anything before achieved—yet belongs to the pre-Ramsay period, and must be read in the light of that fact. On the other hand, Hort's contention, based, as it evidently was, on the most rigorous verbal exegesis of the whole epistle, that this epistle was written before the Neronian persecution in 64 is as superior to Ramsay's theory that it must be as late as 80 A.D. as is the latter's Galatian theory to its rival. This is not the place to go into exegetical *minutiæ*; but it is hard indeed to imagine Peter (as Ramsay believes) writing at any time subsequent to the events of 64—which so shocked the Christian consciousness, and seemed to it so gross a case of wrong—words such as we read in Chap. II., 13 f.: "Be subject to every fundamental institution of human society [to use Hort's apt paraphrase for 'to every (divine) institution among men'] for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king [emperor] or unto governors, as sent through his instrumentality for vengeance on evil-doers and for praise of well-doers." Peter would surely had no heart to write thus, even under the Flavian Titus. The memory of the past, let alone recent cases of persecution which would seem none the less arbitrary and unfair that they were no Neronian outbreaks of cruelty, would make the words sound too hollow for him to use. No, those were still the days when persecution was informal, or else was believed to be due to a mistake on the part of the guardians of the law. It was not conceived to be for the Christian name as such.

A few words on the more special features of the Commentary. To say that it is absolutely objective, an unbiassed interpretation of the ancient writer's mind, is but to repeat that it is Hort's work. But it embraces far more than one would suppose. The notes are a veritable "Biblical theology" in small, of every characteristic New Testament word that emerges in the text. The Old Testament shade or shades of meaning attaching to each term are exactly determined (both in the Hebrew and LXX.); then its use in the New Testament writings as a whole; and only after that its precise meaning in this epistle and in the passage under examination. The insight into the genius of the several New Testament writers, as well as into the

genetic development of a term, is truly admirable. We had expected much after reading his "Life and Letters"—the scholarship of Lightfoot united to a far keener, a more subtle and enterprising mind; and our expectation is more than realised. We are not, indeed, sure that there is not at times a tendency to over-refinement, as, for instance, touching the sense in which Peter speaks, eschatologically, of what is to happen "at the revelation of Jesus Christ" or "in a season of extremity" (the accurate rendering of the last words of I. 5); or, again, even in the closing part of the salutation, fine as is much of the exegesis of the two opening verses. But how much we everywhere gain by Hort's great suggestiveness, and how he makes one's pulse beat with the feeling that he has carried you right into the deep places of Pauline or Petrine experience. Nor is it misleading to mention these two apostles in the same breath. For Hort has rendered a completely satisfactory account of Peter's apparent and real dependence on Paul's Epistles to the Romans and Ephesians in particular. They had profoundly influenced the receptive Peter, probably during his stay in Rome; as epistles of so general or encyclical a nature, both closely connected with Rome, well might. But they stimulated, and did not overpower. Peter's own experience and outlook has reacted on their stimulus and produced something characteristically his own. This cannot now be illustrated as it might. But one instance may be taken, the one which affects the crucial question of the readers addressed in the epistle. Were they Jews or Gentiles? or, if both, how were they conceived to be related and blended? Hort sees in the difficult phrase, "strangers of dispersion," the thought: "You Christians of the Asiatic provinces are the true strangers of dispersion"—whatever their position by birth. "They were sojourners, both as being scattered among a population of other beliefs and standards of life than their own; and also because, while living on earth, they belonged to a present commonwealth in the heavens, of which they hoped to become visibly and completely citizens hereafter." And this essential notion of the new "People" of God is brought out most strikingly in the exegesis of the Spiritual House of Chap. II., 4–10. To sum up our impression derived from an enormous wealth of details, we may say that this work, fragment as it seems, contains a liberal education in New Testament interpretation. No similar amount of commentary known to us contains so much solid food, not only for the comparative novice, but even more for the man who has spent most time and thought in the same fields.

MR. BERNARD SHAW ON WAGNER'S MASTERPIECE.

THE PERFECT WAGNERITE: A COMMENTARY ON THE RING OF THE NIBLUNGS. By Bernard Shaw. London: Grant Richards.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW must be tired of seeing his name in print in conjunction with the adjective "brilliant," but it is difficult for a critic to deal with "The Perfect Wagnerite," and yet avoid the use of the word. Never has Mr. Shaw's pen struck out more sparks from a subject than it has in the present instance. In his new book Mr. Shaw not only "sees" and "goes for" the common or garden species of admirer of Wagner, the person who reverences the master's superiority without presuming to understand it, but he has a word which is a blow for most of the brutalities and ineptitudes of the age we live in. "Musicians who are no revolutionists and revolutionists who are no musicians" are put out of court at once, for Mr. Shaw is a disciple who shares the stock of ideas of the revolutionary Wagner of 1848; the author then proceeds to argue that the Ring of the Niblungs is primarily the production of the sociological Wagner, the Wagner who escaped to Switzerland after sacrificing his position at Dresden by taking "his side with the right and the poor against the rich and the wrong," and that it must be interpreted accordingly. How Mr. George Bernard Shaw deciphers the master's meaning in the different parts of the Ring it would take up too much space even to hint at here, nor ought the curiosity of our musical readers to be in any way prevented from leading them to procure what are perhaps the most remarkable pages which have yet been written about "Der Ring des Nibelungen." We might discuss Mr. Shaw's theory that the "Ring" may be considered as a trilogy followed by a "thorough grand opera," "Die Götterdämmerung"; and the opposite theory, that the "opera" is neither unnecessary nor operatic, that the power of the Ring must be seen to end before "Der Ring des Nibelungen" is complete, might be advanced. But we prefer to try to whet the appetite of our readers for a feast, by referring to such passages as that in which Mr. Shaw reminds us that Wagner, where his philosophy degenerated into the prescription of a romantic nostrum for all human ills, had been anticipated "by a young country gentleman from Sussex named Shelley," and that which deals with the natural man (pages 64–5) in a "faithful" style which is crushing if not theological. It need hardly be said that no one but Mr. Shaw could have written any such book as "The Perfect Wagnerite," or that its hundred and forty pages contain ideas enough to inspire a dozen books on literature, music, and sociology.

THE GREAT DICTIONARY.

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Vol. IV. *Gaincope—Germanizing.* By Henry Bradley, Hon. M.A. Oxon.—Vol. V. *Haversine—Heel; Heel—Hod.* By Dr James A. H. Murray. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

WE have lying before us three new parts of the Oxford English Dictionary. In one hundred and twenty pages Mr. Bradley takes us in the fourth volume from *Gaincope* to *Germanizing*; while in the fifth volume, under the guidance of Dr. Murray, we pass, in one hundred and ninety-two pages, from *Haversine* to *Heel*, and from *Heel* to *Hod*. In the next issue, on April 1, the two editors will keep abreast, but by July 1, if we can trust the forecast, the learned Doctor will be found to have doubled his pace, completing the letter H, while his brother-éditor will for a time fall behind. Thus they go on struggling in generous rivalry towards the goal still far distant, but nevertheless not wholly out of sight.

Never, surely, has the same amount of curious learning been got together. Wherever we open a number we find at once something to catch our attention. Those who are organising expeditions to the North Pole or the South would do well to furnish the cabin with as much of the Dictionary as has already appeared. In it would be found a fine variety of reading for the six months' night. Even a man who was a sailor and nothing more would find much to interest him. How, for instance, would such an entry as the following afford matter for discussion!—

> *Gale.*—A wind of considerable strength; in nautical language, the word chiefly "implies what on shore is called a storm" (Admiral Smyth), especially in the phrases *strong, hard gale* (a *stiff gale* is less violent, a *fresh gale* still less so); in popular literary use, "a wind not tempestuous, but stronger than a breeze" (Johnson).

In like manner every nautical term would be found explained. The sailors might exercise their acuteness in trying to discover errors. Few indeed would they be able to detect, so great is the care taken to insure accuracy. They would come across nothing like Johnson's definition of *leeward* and *windward*; each word meaning, according to him, *towards the wind*. This error was allowed to remain in all the editions published in the author's lifetime.

We are always struck, as we examine each fresh number, by the rapid growth of the language through the introduction of proper nouns. Galvani, for instance, fills nearly three

columns with "galvanism" and the other words derived from his name. The immortal Mrs. Gamp is the godmother, as it were, of "monthly or sick nurses of a disreputable class," as well as of "an umbrella tied up in a loose, untidy fashion." Garibaldi lives in "a kind of blouse worn by women," "a kind of hat," and "a red fish of the Californian coast." The capricious changes in the use of words, some falling out of popular favour and others coming into it, pointed out long ago by Horace, have never till now been traced with historical accuracy. "Gamester," for instance, prevailed for over two centuries—from 1553 to 1773, when it is found in Goldsmith. More than a hundred years later it was revived by Browning, but it has never come a second time into familiar use. Its place has been taken by "gambler," which was, indeed, becoming popular as early as 1747. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year describes masquerades as being "composed chiefly of gamesters, commonly called gamblers, players, women of the town, and attorneys' clerks." It was still looked on as slang; eight years later Johnson, in his Dictionary, calls it "a cant word for gamester." "Game" and its compounds might have some interest even for the readers of sporting papers. "To die game" is at least as old as Gay, for it is found in the *Beggar's Opera*. "A boxer thorough game" comes in twenty years later. "The game is up," was used by Sir John Moore in 1808, a few weeks before he fell at Corunna. "That was their little game" has not been traced earlier than 1885, when Ruskin wrote: "These three thousand men design to overthrow the Greek empire! That was their little game!—a Christmas mumming to purpose." It was in colloquial use certainly many years earlier. "To play the game" is of still later introduction, for it has not been found earlier than 1889. "Game leg," by the way, probably has nothing to do with "game." "It is, perhaps, shortened," we are told, "from the synonymous 'gammy.'" When we turn to "gammy" we find it described as "tramps' slang. Bad, not good." In a work published in 1839 "gammy stuff" is defined as "spurious soap or medicine." We are surprised to find that "game-keeper" has not been traced back farther than an Act of Charles II. "Game-law" is first found more than forty years later. Both one and the other had, of course, existed centuries earlier under different names. "Though the forest laws are now mitigated," wrote Blackstone in 1769, "yet from this root has sprung up a bastard slip known by the name of the game-law." Fifty-four years after the great judge spoke of this mitigation Sydney Smith wrote, as another quotation shows: "The game laws have been carried to a pitch of oppression which is a disgrace to the country." Thirty-three years later still, in 1856, we find Emerson writing: "The severity of the game laws certainly indicates an extravagant sympathy of the nation with horses and hunters." With guns and dogs he should rather have said. These laws are still a disgrace to the country—a disgrace of which most people seem by no means conscious.

This kind of history—the history not merely of words but of the facts to be got out of words—that is found scattered everywhere in this great work, is as various as it is curious. The writer on military subjects would find, for instance, that "heavy," as applied to cavalry, has not been traced back earlier than 1836, when it is found in the "Penny Cyclopædia." "Heavy artillery" was in use a century earlier. "Hay-fever" only dates back to 1829, though under the name of "summer catarrh" the disorder had been described ten years before. Can it be possible that previously this troublesome disorder had not been distinguished from common colds? If it was, had it no name? The slow progress of women's education is shown by the fact that while head masters were known as long ago as the reign of Elizabeth, it is little more than a quarter of a century since head mistresses rose above the horizon. Under "hearth-money" we see the duration of the hateful tax of two shillings a year imposed on every fire-hearth in England and Wales. It lasted from the Restoration to the Revolution. In Ireland it continued much longer. In Italy the same tax, far heavier in amount, still produces great misery. As an example of a word that for a long period is in common use, then disappears for a time, and still later on revives, we may take "heathendom." It was found in Early English, but "it appears to have died out before the year 1400; in modern use it was apparently formed anew after 'Christendom.'" "Heathenesse" supplied its place. Neither of these words is found in Johnson's Dictionary. "Heathenism" was in favour in his time, though now it has "heathendom" for a rival.

If there is any part in this great work that to the ordinary reader is likely to seem oppressive it is the philology. To "heave," for instance, a whole closely printed column of derivations and forms is given before the various significations of the word are reached. No doubt for many scholars this particular kind of learning is by far the most attractive part. They rejoice as they are made to dance, in dealing with this one word, from Old English to Old Frisian, from Old Frisian to Old Saxon, from Old Saxon to Middle Low German, from Middle Low German to Middle Dutch, from Middle Dutch to Dutch, from Dutch to Old High German, and on and on through Old Norse, and Danish, and Gothic, and Old Teutonic and Middle English, and Latin, West Germanic, and Common Teutonic. As for a mere literary man—a poor creature in the eyes of the genuine philologist—he quickly leaves all this learning on one side, and falls with delight on the copious quotations drawn from authors of all ages and of all merits.

FICTION.

SOME PERSONS UNKNOWN. By E. W. Hornung. London: Cassell & Co.

MANDERS. By Elwyn Barron. London: John Macqueen.

THE RAINBOW FEATHER. By Fergus Hume. London: Digby, Long & Co.

AN EGYPTIAN COQUETTE. By Clive Holland. London: C. Arthur Pearson.

A MORE charming collection of short stories than that which we meet with in "Some Persons Unknown" it would be difficult to find. Different though the stories are, pathetic, humorous, tragic, or sensational, in each one lies the same freshness and power, the same suggestive character-drawing and sympathy with many-sided human nature. In none is Mr. Hornung's sympathetic touch more manifest than in the first story, "Kenyon's Innings." Kenyon Harwood, the little hero, is a delicate boy with a spirit out of all proportion to his puny body. Lillywhite's "Cricketer's Guide" is his favourite literature, and in spite of the fact that his athletic powers are sadly handicapped by physical infirmity, his heart and soul are bound up in the worship of cricket. But although, by reason of the shortness of his innings, plucky Kenyon never sees realised his ambition to shine as a cricketer, it is his father rather than he who claims the greater share of pity. In sketching the relations between the son and the father who has never been able to win the love of his children, the writer is at his best, and it is impossible to read without emotion the story of Mr. Harwood's jealous longing for the affection so readily given by Kenyon to one of the heroes of the cricket-field, and of the father's despairing efforts to win his way into the heart of his dying son. From the pathos of "Kenyon's Innings" we turn to the pleasantry of "A Literary Coincidence." Here we have a picture of the difficulties of a popular novelist of the optimistic school. Despite the fact that Wolff Mason is as celebrated for his own kindly nature as for the happy endings of his love stories, he ruthlessly dismisses his daughter's lover because he cannot bring himself

to part with his only unmarried child. That Ida Mason's own romance has a happy ending is due in great measure to the coincidence which gives its name to the story. "After the Fact" has sensation for its keynote; "The Voice of Gunbar" is gruesome, "A Farewell Performance" grimly humorous, and "A Spin of the Coin" tragic. Mr. Hornung introduces us to all sorts and conditions of men; but, in whatever station of life his hero may be, whether a bushman, a struggling artist, or a successful author, he is essentially human. "Some Persons Unknown" is a book to be heartily commended.

Bright descriptions of student life in Paris, sympathetic views of human frailty, and a dash of dramatic force combine to form an attractive story in "Manders." The author, whose name is unfamiliar to us, appears to belong to the New World, and has not quite succeeded in keeping his style free from Americanisms; but though to English eyes his occasional departures from classic forms of speech may appear regrettable, the defect is amply compensated by the vigour and sparkle of his narrative, and the fervent humanity that underlies its surface brightness. Manders, the child of genius, who is the real hero of the book, in addition to giving to it its title, is a charming creature of fantasy, delicately drawn, and full of pathos. He is the only child of a pretty widow, whose own childhood and youth have been spent in the lowly occupation of posing as an artist's model in the Quartier Latin. Madame Manders, on her husband's death, finds herself disowned by his English relations, and cast absolutely upon her own resources. Naturally enough, her thoughts revert to the scenes of her earlier days, and she begins once more to earn an honest living in the studio of an old patron. Here her fate meets her in the comely person of a young Virginian, Walter Blakemore by name, who is himself attracted by her charming nature even more than by her graceful beauty. He is at the same time more than half in love with a fair compatriot of his own, Miss Florence Storey, and it is in the irony of fate that he should be vainly trying to win the love of the cultured and exacting American belle while the heart of the poor "model" is breaking for love of him. Too late he finds out where his affections would be best bestowed. The pretty, frail mother of little Manders dies, and the young child—already a trained musician, and gifted beyond his years—goes out into the world alone to fight his battle, proudly refusing the proffered help of the man who had, indeed, caused the death of the woman who had trusted him too far. The book contains some strong scenes, plenty of life and colour, and a pleasant tinge of humour to temper its dominant sadness of theme. The character of Florence Storey—typically American in her cool foresight and independent force of purpose—is notably well conceived, and the best chapter in "Manders" is that one descriptive of the very original wooing to which the proud beauty finally succumbed. On the whole, "Manders" deserves attention as a novel of considerable promise. It has grip, picturesqueness, and vivacity.

In "The Rainbow Feather" Mr. Fergus Hume has given us another of those stories of a mysterious murder and its detection in which he excels. The ingenuity with which he arouses the suspicions of the knowing reader in half a dozen different directions, and keeps the true solution of the problem as an unforeseen *dénouement* in the last chapter, is undoubtedly very great. Unfortunately, this is not merely the chief but, we fear we must add, the only merit of "The Rainbow Feather." The characters are for the most part conventional, and their conventionality is by no means of a pleasing type. We are not, indeed, invited to take an interest in any one of the persons who figure in the play. Our sole interest is in the problem of the murder and its perpetrator. This, as we have said, is worked out not only with great skill but with extraordinary ingenuity and care. Not one reader in a hundred when he reads the story of the murder is likely to single out of the limited number of possible people the real criminal.

"An Egyptian Coquette" is one of those fanciful inventions with which novelists at times indulge their readers, and that are as far removed from the realities of life as are the canals in Mars. It is a story of the opening of a tomb in Egypt, and of the discovery in it of an Egyptian beauty, sleeping still, after thousands of years of imprisonment, in all the glory of the loveliness which in bygone days had fascinated Pharaoh on his throne. We confess that we are somewhat tired of these immortal ladies, who have so little in common with the everyday world. But Mr. Holland writes well, and he succeeds in dressing up his supernatural dish in a style that is not unattractive. English journalists and men of science, and a very real English young lady—who has, however, a distinct trace of the Egyptian in her features—give a certain semblance of life to the invention. We feel distinctly more at home with the journalists than with the sleeping princess in her coffin, and we feel no kind of regret when the latter, on being awakened from her long sleep, instantly crumbles into dust. This satisfactory *dénouement* prevents a young man from making a fool of himself, and saves the English young lady from a broken heart. Perhaps we ought to say that dreams and mesmerism play a prominent part in the story.

MORE JANUARY REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE politics of *The National Review* this month are exciting rather than instructive. Mr. H. W. Wilson explains that Jingoism is Palmerstonian firmness—we should call its firmness fitful and its fussiness perpetual; a "Radical M.P." says exactly what a Conservative reviewer would make him say, save for one flight of imagination as to Sir Edward Grey's famous announcement touching Fashoda; and Mr. Maxse predicts that the outcome of the Dreyfus case will be trouble with Germany and Italy, which the militarists will seek to avoid by a breach with us.—In the *Nuova Antologia*, besides the suggestive article noticed on an earlier page, we remark some interesting notes on Chaucer and Petrarch, and an article on the Czar's proposal and the "Anglo-Saxon" response.—In the *Rivista Politica e Letteraria* an article on the Kaiser's pilgrimage significantly deplores the decay of Italian influence in the East.—In the *Forum*, besides much American matter of interest, we may notice Sir Charles Dilke's treatment of American expansion, and Prof. Eucken's rather halting declaration that Germany is still "a nation of thinkers."—The *Humanitarian* contains a paper on the African pigmies—mentioned by Herodotus, and rediscovered by Du Chaillu, Stanley, and later travellers—by the late Sir Richard Burton, which is of permanent value. A sketch of Madame Dreyfus's life is also of interest.—Of the *New Century Review* Mr. T. H. S. Escott and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald are the mainstays: the latter, by the way, finds in the notorious Dr. Maginn the archetype of Pott of the *Eatanswill Gazette*.—In the *New Ireland Review* Prof. Coyne protests against an evolutionist philosophy of art, and there are some sufficiently faithful experiences of middle-class life in Savoy.

A good number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains the first instalment of a series of selections from the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Sidney Colvin, who edits the letters, has grouped them with more regard to subject than to order of dates. The letters given in this number were written by Stevenson to his parents in 1868 and 1869, when, as a boy of eighteen or nineteen, he had undertaken some engineering excursions by way of training for his intended profession of engineer. The letters written to his mother in 1869 give his experiences of a tour of inspection on which he accompanied his father to the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Major Edward Stuart-Wortley, C.M.G., who commanded

the Arab irregular force in the late Sudan campaign, gives an interesting account of the formation and subsequent proceedings of the Arab levies on the east bank of the Nile. Messrs. George W. Cable and Richard Harding Davis contribute fiction.

Chambers's Journal contains the opening chapters of a novel by Mr. Guy Boothby. Sir Lambert Playfair's "Reminiscences," in which he tells the story of the discovery of the Aden Waterworks, are full of interest. Mauritius, the island of "Paul and Virginia," is the subject of another good article, and Mr. George Gale Thomas gives an account of a Swiss school of bee-culture.

The Idler is good this month. Mr. Roger Pocock, in an interesting article on "Travel in Klondike," speaks appreciatively of the Mounted Police. Although Canada is the wildest country in the world, and the Yukon district the most democratic community on earth, the trooper, far from being detested or despised, is a universal favourite. "Canadian frontier life differs from everything of the kind on record," says the writer, "in that throughout the whole area of the forest and the plains no man ever carries a weapon for self-defence; . . . and Dawson City, the vortex of the gold fever, is as peaceful as an English country village." Mr. E. A. du Plat, writing of the Goodwin Sands, gives the scientific, as well as the legendary, explanations of the origin of the huge sandbank. Sydney is the subject of the first of Mr. Frederick Dolman's articles dealing with the social life and character of cities of the Empire. Messrs. Fred Whishaw, Oswald Crawfurd, and G. S. Street are amongst the contributors of stories and serials.

In *The Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. J. Ellard Gore gives the derivation and meaning of the names of the stars. Sirius, the writer says, "was known as the dog-star from the fact of its rising in ancient times with the sun, when the so-called 'dog-days' commenced." Mr. Malcolm Rees, writing of the romance of whaling, records several adventures illustrating the kind of experience which whalers have to undergo. Mr. Holyoake's article on "The Last Writings of Landor" is interesting. Mr. John Patrick's reminiscences of the Carlyles in Scotland form the most noteworthy feature of the *Century*. Captain Sigsbee contributes the third part of his personal narrative of the *Maine*, and Lieutenant Hobson continues his account of the sinking of the *Merrimac*. Mr. Paul Leicester Ford writes of Franklin's schooling and self-culture. Mr. Marion Crawford's serial is continued, and there are also contributions from Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Mr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, and Miss Ruth McEnery Stuart.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THERE was room for a reliable and scholarly "Short History of Switzerland," and therefore we welcome a competent English translation of Dr. Karl Dändliker's well-known book, which is widely known, not merely in Switzerland, but in Europe. He calls Switzerland the Land of Contrasts, and the expression is justified, not merely by the scenery, the dialects, the customs, the modes of life, but also by an extraordinary variety of racial characteristics not to be matched elsewhere within so limited an area. In spite of all this the Swiss have learnt the great lesson of toleration, and the citizens of all the Confederated States, notwithstanding the wars and upheavals of past centuries, are now labouring together with singular unanimity for the welfare, in the broadest sense, of the country. Dr. Dändliker shows that it is the common possession of unique political and social institutions which binds together into a living unity what at first sight appear to be heterogeneous elements. He points out that the French of Western Switzerland, the Germans of Eastern Switzerland, the Italians and the Romance people of Rhætia, all hold in common the principles of the democratic state, which are nowhere else in Europe in such ascendancy. All through Switzerland the sovereignty of the people is recognised. Popular legislation in one form or another prevails, a free communal system has been established, whilst religious and political liberty, an unfettered Press, and freedom of trade are in full sway. These impressive chapters show the historical events, the religious movements, the social conditions which first evolved unity, then liberty, and finally a highly organised Federal State out of elements that were at one time not merely alien but antagonistic. "The political changes in the Cantons, and still more the remodelling of the Confederation, were the results of a great advance in public spirit. The struggles after 1840, the great Federal reforms after 1850, the effects, so inspiriting to patriotism, of the so-called 'Prussian War,' and the agitation for Federal reform from 1869 to 1874 taught the people to interest themselves in national questions, and to think and feel like Confederates in a manner hitherto almost unknown. A lively interest in politics began to show itself in all parts among the great mass of the people, and everywhere men began eagerly to concern themselves about the weal and woe of the whole community. The Press did its utmost to keep alive and to increase this interest; and also the many political clubs and great national associations for singing, shooting, and gymnastics, with their regularly recurring national festivals, formed a no less important political school for the people." Side by side with this intellectual movement there sprang up the signs of social progress. "The towns underwent a change in accordance with modern tastes and the necessities of life. From about 1830, the fortifications, mediæval walls, towers, and gates were gradually abolished, and old quarters pulled down and newly built. There arose everywhere fine broad streets, bordered by tasteful buildings; handsome school-houses, churches, town halls, and museums were erected; magnificent hotels, fitted with every comfort, fine promenades and quays, monuments and statues became the ornaments of modern towns. He who had only seen our towns and villages before 1830 would hardly be able to recognise them to-day." The book describes in luminous outline the dramatic annals of Switzerland from the days of the Romans to the present time, and the narrative palpably rests from beginning to end, not merely on wide research, but on independent judgment.

The virtues of "common salt" as a preventive, and in many cases a cure, of disease are set forth with, to say the least, enthusiasm. Schopenhauer declared that nine-tenths of human happiness depended exclusively upon health, and we are tempted to add that these pages assume that in almost the same proportion human health depends on salt. The physical properties of common salt are first of all explained, and this is followed by an account of its distribution and the value put upon it in all ages. The place of salt in the human body is next discussed, and amongst other authorities Professor Musprat is cited:—"Salt occurs in every part of the human frame; it is organised in the solid and dissolved in the fluids; it creeps into every crevice in the body and plays a part in all the complicated processes of life, without which the machinery would be arrested in its operation." Objections to the use of salt are dealt with, the benefits of sea-bathing are discussed, and then the writer plunges into an account of the use of salt in various diseases. It is commonly asserted that men who attend the pans and salt-works are never known to have cholera, small-pox, scarlet fever, or influenza, and though the author of these pages cannot vouch for such a statement, he thinks that there is every probability that it is correct. Those who wish to follow the author's advice ought to take a pinch of salt—about as much as will lie heaped up on a shilling—in half a tumblerful of water on rising in the morning, and they may repeat the dose, so at least it is claimed in these pages, before retiring to rest. All things are possible to faith, and half the ills that flesh is heir to appear, if the statements of this book are reliable, to relax their grasp when met by nothing more wonderful than a pinch of salt.

More than half a century ago two intrepid French priests, the Abbé Huc and Père Gabet, who had laboured for some time as missionaries in China, set out in the company of a single native convert for the mysterious undiscovered country of Thibet. Their adventurous wanderings lasted from 1844–6, and they had the satisfaction, after innumerable perils and difficulties, of setting foot in the sacred city of Lhassa, where with characteristic zeal they established a mission. They were

---

* A SHORT HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND. By Dr. Karl Dändliker. Translated by E. Salisbury. Maps. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

COMMON SALT: ITS USE AND NECESSITY FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF HEALTH AND THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE. By C. Godfrey Gümpel. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

TRAVELS IN TARTARY, THIBET, AND CHINA DURING THE YEARS 1844-6. By M. Huc. Illustrated. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

BUSH-FRUITS: A HORTICULTURAL MONOGRAPH. By Fred. W. Card, Professor of Horticulture. New York and London: The Macmillan Co.

HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL. Written for Lay Readers. By Carl Heinrich Cornill, Ph.D., S.T.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

THE EXPOSITOR. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Vol. VIII. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY GUIDE, 1898-9. London: The University Correspondence College Press.

THE STORY OF THE WEST INDIES. By Arnold Kennedy ("The Story of the Empire" Series). With Maps. London: Horace Marshall & Son.

soon expelled, however, and sent back to Canton, and Thibet remains to this day a land which is jealously guarded against strangers. The Abbé Hue's "Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet, et la Chine" were published in Paris in 1850, and the book made an immense sensation. It was translated by Mr. William Hazlitt—son of the famous critic of the same name—in the following year, and has long been out of print. The reprint which has just been issued is therefore welcome, especially as the book appeals powerfully to students of ethnology and religious customs. The present handsome edition, in two volumes, contains the quaint woodcuts which appeared in the original work.

We have received a horticultural manual on the cultivation of "Bush-Fruits," written primarily for market-gardeners on the other side of the Atlantic. It proves to be a clear and scientific exposition of the principles involved in growing on a large scale, and for market, currants, gooseberries, and other fruit-bearing shrubs. "Most of the directions given for planting the blackberry apply equally well to the red raspberry. The chief difference, so far as planting is concerned, is that the latter requires less room. If in rows, the usual distance is six feet apart and about three feet in the row. The young plants will very soon fill in the intervening spaces, making a solid row unless cut down. Five feet apart each way is about the most satisfactory distance for raspberries on hills, though some growers plant them as close as four feet. This may prove sufficient for the smaller varieties, but for the more vigorous-growing sorts it is likely to be too close." The whole subject is treated in a thoroughly practical manner, and questions of soil, planting, pruning, propagation, and cross-fertilisation are in turn discussed.

Amongst other books which have just reached us, but which hardly call for more than passing remark, is a brief "History of the People of Israel," from the earliest times to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. It is not easy to cover so wide a field in a volume of 300 pages; but Dr. Cornill, who holds the Chair of Theology in the University of Königsberg, has discharged with insight and judgment his self-imposed but difficult task. Biblical students are certain to welcome the new volume of "The Expositor"; it contains critical papers by Professors A. B. Bruce, W. M. Ramsay, T. K. Cheyne, Marcus Dods, Sir J. W. Dawson, Principal Oswald Dykes, Dr. Forsyth, of Cambridge, and other scholars. This eighth volume of the fifth series of "The Expositor" worthily maintains the enviable reputation won by its predecessors. "The London University Guide for 1898-99" is a useful manual of reference, which gives in outline the history and constitution of that University, as well as a wide array of facts concerning examinations and text-books, not merely for the present year, but for those who are reading up special subjects in view of the academical acquirements of 1900. The manual appeals, in short, to past and prospective students of London University.

Under the title of "The Story of the West Indies" Mr. Arnold Kennedy has written a really excellent little book, accurate, comprehensive, and carefully indexed. It is to be hoped that the volume's cheapness will not lead bookbuyers to pass it by as unimportant, for good writing upon its subject is scarce indeed.

NOTICE.

—o—

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received NOT LATER than THURSDAY MORNING.

THE SPEAKER is published weekly. Applications for copies, and Subscriptions, should be sent to THE SPEAKER Office, 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and ADVERTISEMENTS to "THE MANAGER."

The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

THE SPEAKER may be obtained in Paris every Saturday morning at No. 31, Rue Bonaparte, and at the principal Kiosques. It may also be obtained of the following, among other foreign booksellers:—

MR. F. A. BROCKHAUS, 16, Querstrasse, Leipzig.

MESSRS. J. LEBÈQUE & Co., 46, Rue de la Madeleine, Brussels.

THE CAMMERMEYER BOGHANDEL, Carl Johans Gade, 41 and 43, Christiania.

MR. WILLIAM FRICK, Graben 27, Vienna.

MESSRS. KIRBERGER & KESPER, Booksellers, Amsterdam.

MESSRS. J. C. JUTA & Co., Cape Town.

MESSRS. KELLY & WALSH, Shanghai, Hongkong, Yokohama, and Singapore.

MESSRS. HIGGINBOTHAM & Co., 164 and 165, Mount Road, Madras.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS BY POST.

Home.		*Foreign Postal Union.*	
Yearly ...	£1 8s.	Yearly ...	£1 10s.
Half-yearly ...	14s.	Half-yearly ...	15s.
Quarterly ...	7s.	Quarterly ...	7s. 6d.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Front and Back Cover and First Page facing matter, £12.

Page	£10	0	0	Narrow Column ...	£3	6	8
Half-Page	5	0	0	Half-Column	1	13	4
Quarter-Page	2	10	0	Quarter-Column ...	0	16	8

COMPANIES.

Outside Page	£14	0	0	Inside Page	£12	0	0

Smaller spaces *pro rata*. Terms: net.

STRAINED VISION.

DISTRESSING HEADACHE, Indigestion, Simulated Neuralgia, and Nervous Depression are frequently caused by some peculiarity of the vision, which can at once be overcome by the use of proper glasses. SEE

OUR EYES,

By JOHN BROWNING, F.R.A.S., F.R.M.S., President of the British Optical Association, &c.; now in its Seventeenth Edition, price 1s.,

Or consult, *free of charge*,

MR. JOHN BROWNING,
Ophthalmic Optician,
63, STRAND, LONDON.

GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY.

New Seaside and Golfing Resort.

CRUDEN BAY,
30 MILES BY RAIL FROM ABERDEEN.

Fine Sandy Beach, over 2 miles long.
Southerly Exposure. Healthy Climate. Bracing Air.

EXCELLENT 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE. EXTENSIVE LINKS.

CRUDEN BAY HOTEL
(Owned by Great North of Scotland Railway).
UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT AS PALACE HOTEL, ABERDEEN.
Moderate Terms. Electrically Lighted. Lift.
BOWLS. TENNIS. CROQUET. SEA BATHING. BOATING. FISHING.
Splendid Rock Scenery in District.
Address, MISS McKILLIAM, PALACE HOTEL, ABERDEEN.
WILL OPEN 1st MARCH, 1899.
Aberdeen, December, 1898. W. MOFFATT, *General Manager.*

37-GUINEA CRUISE TO GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, BEYROUT for DAMASCUS, JAFFA for JERUSALEM, ALEXANDRIA for CAIRO, NAPLES, on S.Y. *Argonaut*, 3,254 tons, h.p. 4,000. Organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne.

The above Cruise begins and ends at Marseilles. Return ticket, London-Calais-Paris-Marseilles, £5 5s. extra.

Full particulars with plan of the Steamer from Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA.

33rd Year. Established 1865.

Editor—MAGGIORINO FERRARIS, M.P.

The Leading Italian Review of Literature, Science, Fine Arts and Politics.

Is published at Rome on the 1st and 16th of each month.

Each Number contains about 200 Pages.

The NUOVA ANTOLOGIA is the oldest and the foremost Italian Review. The most Eminent Writers, University Professors and Members of Parliament are among its Contributors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—

	One Year.	Six Months.	Three Months.
Postal Union ..	Fr. 46 ..	Fr. 23 ..	Fr. 12
Great Britain ..	£1 16 6 ..	£0 18 3 ..	£0 9 6
United States ..	$8.81 ..	$4.40 ..	$2.29

A Specimen Number sent on request.

ROME, *VIA* SAN VITALE.

The Sirdar March is composed expressly for and dedicated by permission to Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

THE COVENT GARDEN

Musical Annual for 1899.

17 New Copyright Songs and Pieces for 1/-

90 PAGES OF REALLY POPULAR AND TUNEFUL MUSIC.

HEAVEN'S RECOMPENSE (*Song*), Leonard Barnes.
STELLA ESPANA (*Song*), Edward St. Quentin.
WHEN YOU'VE BEEN FAR AWAY (*Song*), Maude Valérie White.
LITTLE MAID (*Song*), George Heriot.
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT (*Sacred Song*), Oliver King.
ROSES (Soprano and Contralto) (*Duet*), George Heriot.
WEE WILLIE WINKIE (*Song*), Victor Grey.
THE WORSHIPPERS (*Song*), A. H. Behrend.
HUNGARIAN DANCE (*Pianoforte Duet*), Ivan Kolkowski.
MARCH PAST (*Pianoforte Solo*), P. Bucalossi.
GAVOTTE (*Pianoforte Solo*), François José.
THE GAY BOULEVARDS VALSE (*Pianoforte Solo*), Ernest Bucalossi.
TO A YOUNG GIRL (*Pianoforte Solo*), Maude Valérie White.
MARCH AND CHORALE (*Organ or Harmonium*), J. Munroe Coward.
BARN DANCE (*Pianoforte Solo*), Harold James.
THE SIRDAR MARCH (*Pianoforte Duet*), A. H. Behrend.

May be obtained from all Newsagents, Booksellers, Stationers, and at the Railway Bookstalls.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7 to 12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

The NEW YEAR'S (JANUARY) NUMBER of the

PALL MALL MAGAZINE

(Edited by LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON)

Is now Ready. Finely Illustrated.

Price ONE SHILLING nett.

CONTENTS.

An Ushant Fisherman.
A Photogravure Frontispiece after a Painting by J. P. Laurens.
The Mer-Baby's Cradling. LADY LINDSAY.
Illustrated by Abbey Alison.
Ensign Knightley's Home-Coming. A. E. W. MASON
With Illustrations by L. Raven Hill.
The Terns. FRANK H. M. SAVILE.
Lines Written in the Court of a College Library.
With Illustrations by Hanslip Fletcher. MARVIN DANA.
Naval Heroes at Westminster Abbey. Part I. E. T. MURRAY SMITH.
Illustrated from Photographs of their Monuments.
Skating. Full-page Illustration by GEORGE ROLLER.
The Skirts of Chance: III. The Open Door.
With Illustrations by Frank Craig. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.
The Passing Hour. I. SOLOMON.
Illustrated by S. H. Sime.
An Old Australian Privateering Adventure: LOUIS BECKE and WALTER JEFFERY.
Suppressed Plates. I.—Thackeray. GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.
With Reproduction of the Suppressed Plate.
The Fall of Khartoum: Notes from a Captain's Diary during the 1898 Campaign.
Illustrated from Special Photographs.
A Vauxhall Mask. K. L. MONTGOMERY.
With Illustrations by Claude Shepperson.
Impressions of the Rembrandt Exhibition at Amsterdam. FRANCES H. LOW.
Illustrated by Photographs from the Pictures.
In the Morning. MABEL DENISON.
Illustrated by H. G. Granville Fell.
The Hero and the Burglars. G. S. STREET.
The Ship: Her Story. III. W. CLARK RUSSELL.
With Illustrations by H. C. Seppings Wright.
Quail Shooting in Southern California. H. ANNESLEY VACHELL.
The Silver Skull. Chapters XIV.—XVI. S. R. CROCKETT.
With Illustrations by G. Greenville Manton.
Winter. Full-page Illustration by J. J. GUTHRIE.
From a Cornish Window. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.
With Thumb-nail Sketches by Mark Zangwill.

Exquisitely Illustrated by the Leading Artists.

Offices: 13, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.
Astor Court Building, New York.

Cassell & Company's Announcements.

MR. BIRRELL'S NEW WORK.

NOW READY, price 3s. 6d. net.

The LAW and HISTORY of COPYRIGHT in BOOKS, *by AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, M.P., one of Her Majesty's Counsel and Quain Professor of Law at University College, London.*

THREE IMPORTANT NEW WORKS.

"The volume is one of the brightest and most pleasantly instructive that has appeared. It is written throughout with admirable clearness and directness; and the humour that bubbles up in every page is not its least attraction."—WORLD.

NOW READY, price 16s.

THE NEW FAR EAST.

By ARTHUR DIÓSY, Vice-Chairman of the Council of the Japan Society. With 12 illustrations from special Designs by KUBOTA Beisen, of Tokio, a reproduction of a Cartoon designed by H.M. the German Emperor, and a specially drawn Map.

"Major Griffiths's two volumes are most fascinating and absorbingly interesting."—PUNCH.

"Ably written, comprehensive, and interesting as it is, the book is sure to be widely read."—SCOTSMAN.

NOW READY, 2 vols., price 21s.

MYSTERIES of POLICE and CRIME: A General Survey of Wrongdoing and its Pursuit.

By Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS (one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Prisons).

"It is no exaggeration to say that in the personal volume he has now given to the world there is not a dull page; and that among English ministerial memoirs the recollections of Dr. Newman Hall will occupy a high place, both on account of their literary form and of their many points of human interest."—LEEDS MERCURY.

NOW READY, price 12s. 6d.

NEWMAN HALL: An Autobiography.

Cassell's Magazine is "best of all the popular magazines."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

MAX PEMBERTON'S New Serial, **"THE GARDEN OF SWORDS,"** *dealing with the thrilling scenes of the Franco-German War, and forming the most absorbing work of fiction of the day, has just commenced in*

CASSELL'S MAGAZINE,

The JANUARY PART of which (price 6d.) is now on sale.

CASSELL & COMPANY, Ltd., London; Paris, New York & Melbourne.